

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 184.—Vol. VIII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Missing People AND Defaulters.

We would say, emphatically, to those parties who purpose sending us portraits and information of missing individuals, absconders, &c., that the documents must be duly authenticated and attested either by the Mayor or Chief Police Authorities of the place. We cannot insert any communication under any other conditions.

Received from Mr. Samuel Brevoort:

Office of the General Superintendent of Police, 413 Broome street, corner of Elm.

New York, June 4, 1859.

THERESA SOMMERS, OF NEW YORK, MISSING SINCE SEPT. 15, 1858.

Missing, since the 15th of September, 1858, from No. 203 Division street, New York city, Theresa Sommers, sixteen years of age. Had on, when last seen, a plain house dress of blue silk, with white spots, plain black hood and no stockings. She has light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. She is a Jewess, of French birth, and speaks the German, French and English languages. Plays on the piano-forte, and has for some time past supported herself and mother by giving lessons in music to some of the most respectable German families in the city. Was on good terms with her mother, never went to any balls or theatres, or kept any company. When last seen, she was standing at the front door of the house above mentioned, about eight o'clock, P.M.

Any information of her whereabouts will be received by the General Superintendent of Police.

DANIEL CARPENTER,

General Superintendent of Police, *pro tem.*

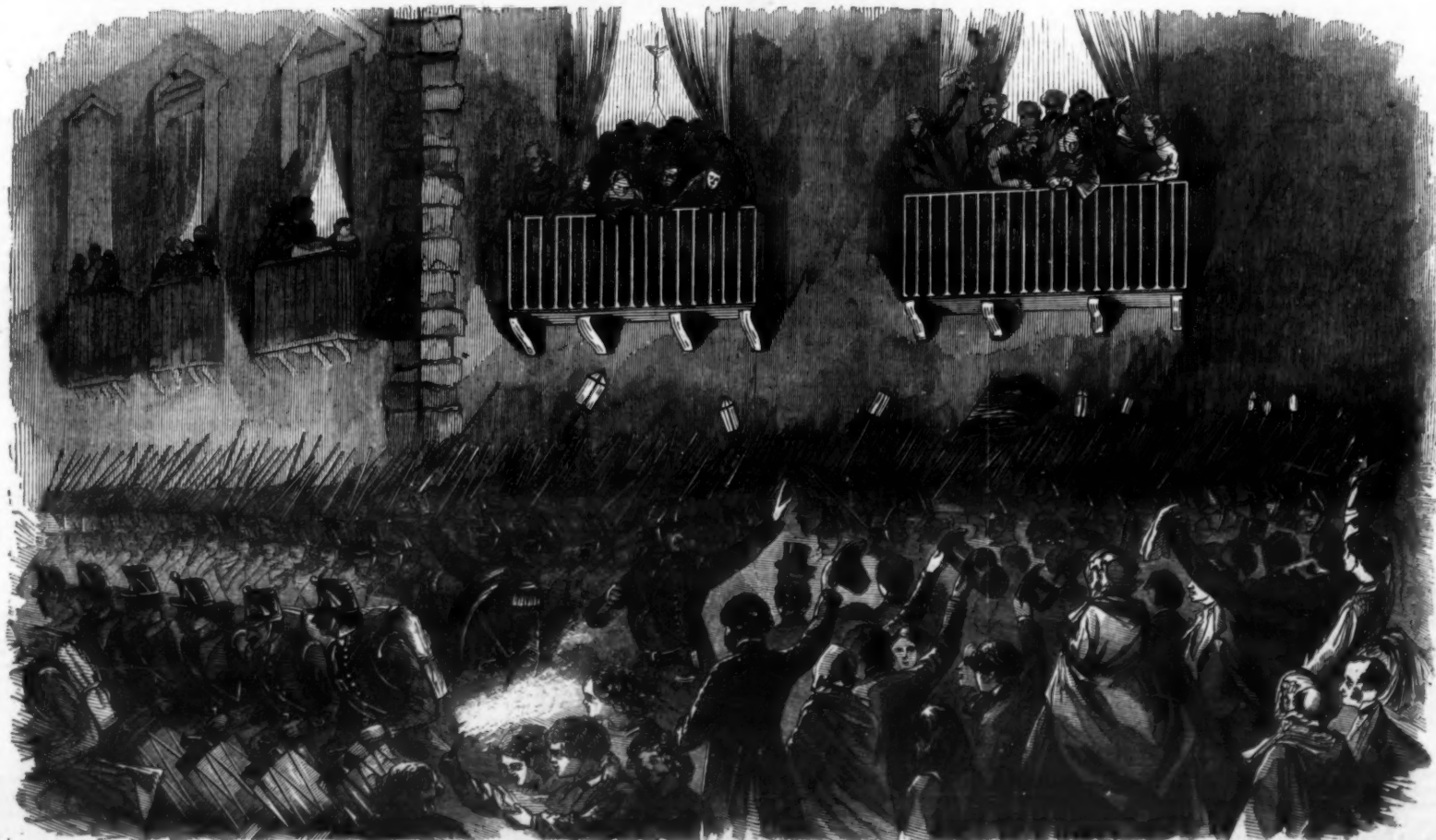


THERESA SOMMERS, OF NEW YORK, MISSING SINCE SEPTEMBER 15, 1858.

THE GREAT WAR. CONTENTS.

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In our last number we gave a brief epitome of the antecedents of the war, as well as some particulars necessary to the due comprehension of the present crisis—one of the most remarkable that has happened for centuries—since upon the bare fact of a principle hostile to the chief combatants, the heads of the two greatest military monarchies of Europe have, like the desperate Richard of England, "set their crowns upon a cast and sworn to stand the hazard of the die." We left the armies of France and Sardinia opposed to that of Austria on Piedmontese territory—the latter having crossed the Ticino and Po, and advanced about thirty-five miles into their enemy's country. It will, however, be necessary to go back to the 29th April, the day on which the Austrians invaded Piedmont. This, we are enabled to do fully and accurately, since the *London Times* has a correspondent at the headquarters of Gyula. When Austria startled Europe by her abrupt demand upon Victor Emanuel, the concurrent opinion of all was that she had sacrificed the moral advantage she had gained in England and Germany for the prestige and power of a brilliant dash at Turin, and the dispersion of the Sardinian army. Theoretical warriors of the feather-



THE SARDINIAN TROOPS AT TURIN DEPARTING FOR LOMBARDY.

bed and quill-pen school, more especially the eminent writers of the daily press, dilated upon the ease with which the Austrian forces could defeat the Piedmontese and French in detail. But the best laid plans fall—more especially if they exist only in the brains of dreamers—it could certainly never have been the design of the Austrian General to attempt a *coup de main*, or else he never would have listened to the suggestion of England to wait another of her futile attempts at mediation. The real motive of the Austrian invasion is since ascertained to have been the pillage of the enemy's country and the exhaustion of his supplies. It has been long an axiom that everything is fair in love and war, but the advanced public opinion of the world, or rather the philosophy of the press, has wrought a wide change in this particular. The cruelties of the Sepoys killed their cause; the moral denunciation of human nature crushed them—with the Italian exception of a few wild Celts, who are monomaniacs on every question where England is concerned, the public was unanimous in their condemnation. In a lesser degree the pillaging propensities of the Austrian Generals have done their cause more harm than a dozen defeats. That, however, plunder was the chief object is evident from their movements. It will be remembered that Count Gyulai presented his ultimatum to the Court of Turin on the 23d April, and gave it three days to decide. It was, however, not till the 29th, that a brigade of the fifth corps, under the command of General Fiestetis, crossed at Pavia and pushed on the same through Garlasco to the Gerdoppia river, followed by the entire third corps, under Prince Schwartzberg. They halted at Gropello.

The seventh corps, under Baron Zobel, had arrived from Bergamo and Brescia to Rho, intending to cross the Ticino further north; they then made a demonstration at Buffalora. After halting here, and reconnoitering, they turned southward through Abbiate Grasso towards the bridge at Vigenavo, which to their chagrin they found the Sardinians had blown up. This compelled them to move on to Bereguardo, where their engineers constructed a pontoon, on which they passed over into the Piedmontese territory. This detachment made Gambotto their resting place.

On the following day, the thirteenth, the fifth corps, under command of Count Stadion, passed over on the same bridge, and the Eighth Corps, led by General Benedek, crossed at Pavia. Thus strengthened, the seventh corps pushed on to Mortara, the third corps advancing to Garlasco.

On the 1st of May, the second corps, under the command of Prince Lichtenstein, crossed at Pavia—thus it occupied three days for the five corps *d'armée* to cross the Ticino. Let us glance for a moment at the position of the Austrian army on the night of this day. The line extended along the river from Vespola to San Nazzaro, and thence to the eastward along the Po. The third corps retained the centre, with the fifth and seventh on the right, and the eighth and second on the left. In this position it remained, with the exception of predatory excursions, till the 8th of May, when the head quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, General Gyulai, were at Vercelli.

Had the Piedmontese chosen, they might have contested every inch of this ground, and consequently rendered the progress of the invaders slower and more difficult; but their force not being sufficient to drive them back, it would only have led to a useless effusion of blood, and undoubtedly given to their foes the prestige of numerous small victories. They therefore acted wisely in declining a conflict. They contented themselves by digging trenches across and otherwise injuring the roads, and in many places they went to the trouble of placing batteries to contest the way—this, however, they did not attempt. At Vercelli, they mined the railway bridge across the Sesia, but fortunately the Austrians discovered it, and they consequently counter-mined and withdrew the powder.

The correspondent of the London *Times* has remarked upon this curious fact: "This non-resistance is very remarkable, for the nature of the country is such that the advance of an army can be most easily impeded. The roads are in most cases artificially raised, the fields on each side being dead flat and kept under water for the cultivation of rice, besides which numerous canals at several different levels cross each other in every conceivable way."

"The first determined opposition made to the Austrian advance was at Valenza, where there were two fine bridges across the Po. The Piedmontese destroyed one of these, and the Austrians determined to destroy the other; so, on the 3d and 4th they made great demonstrations as if to cross the river, both there and opposite Frassinetto, and succeeded in mining the bridge. On the 4th also General Benedek, the enemy's attention being drawn to the above named points, succeeded in crossing the Po at Cornale, with forty thousand men, on a bridge constructed by the engineers. He pushed on to Voghera and reconnoitred Tortona with a powerful detachment. In setting he blew up the railway bridge of Pontecurone, which must be a serious blow to the allies. In the night of the 4th to the 5th the Po rose fifteen feet, and destroyed General Benedek's bridge over the Po, thus isolating him entirely. In twenty-four hours another bridge was constructed, over which he retired on the 6th, carrying off vast stores of bread, tobacco, salt, rice, meal, corn, hay, &c., from Voghera."

"At Valenza the unparalleled rise of the Po filled the first mines formed, and it was not till the 8th of May that the bridge was destroyed. At Frassinetto the intended deception was completely successful. Quantities of boards, &c., were ordered with great ostentation at Candia, and some hundreds of laborers. On the 3d of May some lancers led the way across a ford of the Sesia to an island between that river and the Po. Four companies of grenadiers followed, and half a rocket battery, the whole under Colonel Pachner. The island is thickly covered with brushwood, so the smallness of their number was concealed from the enemy, who opened a heavy fire from the southern bank of the Po. This was answered by the rocket battery and the grenadiers, who extended themselves along the bank. This action was attended with very trifling loss."

"At night Captain Dwyer, an Irishman, led over another battalion to the island, and a noise of hammering was kept up till morning, as if bridges for the passage of a large army were being constructed. During the entire night the loss to the Austrians was only three men wounded. Here, too, the rapid rise of the Sesia, which took place a few hours before that of the Po, nearly caused a loss; but happily the whole force was withdrawn in safety, owing to the voluntary exertions of the Piedmontese laborers, who saved many drowning men."

"On the 9th of May most of the troops were withdrawn to the east of Sesia, and the headquarters moved to Mortara—both armies contenting themselves with skirmishing. It would seem as though both of these hostile masses shrunk from the first shock of battle."

In this state the Austrian army remained till the 19th, when General Gyulai removed his headquarters to Garlasco. In the meantime, Napoleon, whose headquarters were in Alessandria, busied himself by inspecting the different outposts and positions, and by reconnoitering the banks of the Po, so as to inform himself of the nature of the ground he might so soon be called upon to contend for his fame and crown. On the 17th he visited Victor Emanuel, who was stationed at Occlimiano. The troops were actively engaged in repairing the damage done to the bridges, roads and railways."

During the night of the 17th, a small body of Austrians escalated the bridge of Valenza, through a breach, but were unable to retain its possession."

The French at Genoa.

The news of the Austrians crossing the Ticino was hailed with enthusiasm by the French army, and met with an immediate response in the conduct of Louis Napoleon. Every means at his disposal to forward troops to the aid of his ally were put in requisition; and although it was evident the sudden action of Austria had somewhat taken the French Government by surprise, no time was lost to regain the advantage.

With his usual energy and despatch, Louis Napoleon resolved to send troops by sea from Marseilles and Toulon to Genoa, and by

land over the Alps, via Mont Cenis. In addition to a toilsome march, the troops which were sent by the latter way had to encounter the evil of a late season. Despite the efforts of four thousand pioneers sent before to prepare the roads by clearing them of ice and snow, the march was a toilsome and a tedious one, and so hazardous, that two divisions under order to enter Piedmont by that road were sent by steamers from Toulon.

It is needless to describe the enthusiasm with which they were welcomed by the Piedmontese. There is always something in every excitement, whether of love, war or gaming, calculated to destroy the moral dignity and mental acumen of man, or otherwise never would any nation welcome with plaudits the arrival of a foreign force to assist them in defending either their liberty or their native soil. The very enthusiasm proclaims the fear, and as terror is the most cruel of all things so is it the most abject. As the protection of the aristocrat to humble beauty is the forerunner of ruin, so is the aid of a great Power to a smaller the commencement of a dependence, fatal to liberty and dignity. It is fallen and decaying Rome calling in the aid of the barbarians. The old story of the Britons and the Saxons over again.

Napoleon, having forwarded nearly one hundred and twenty thousand men by Mont Cenis and by sea transport, then resolved to put himself at the head of the army he had thus despatched to the aid of Victor Emanuel. This intention, when first announced, had been set down as an idle boast, since his presence in Paris had been considered essential to the security of his dynasty. He, however, had evidently come to the conclusion that the great bulk of his people were sufficiently committed to his policy as to render them safe custodians of his family and his fortunes. Having, therefore, made all the necessary arrangements, he issued a proclamation, in which he constituted the Empress sole Regent during his absence, but enjoining her to consult his uncle, Jerome, on all occasions.

This done, he left Paris on the afternoon of the 10th. It must be confessed that he received, so far as outward and visible show can demonstrate, evidences of popular affection seldom given to monarchs. Shouts of applause and showers of French tears were freely given to the liberating despot—that strange compound, who combines in his own person the William Tell with the Bomba. For the first time for years that ominous sound, the *Marseillaise*, was heard, and amid a tempest of popular enthusiasm the Third Napoleon, like the first of his race, bade adieu to his Empress and his child, and, attended by his cousin Napoleon and a brilliant staff, proceeded on his journey to Marseilles. The next morning he embarked, with his suite, on board the *Reine Hortense*, and in a few hours arrived at Genoa the Superb.

He landed at the inner port, Darcera, and proceeded direct to the royal palace, from the balcony of which he presented himself to the assembled populace, who greeted him with enthusiastic plaudits and acclamations.

The Emperor was accompanied to the palace by Prince Carignano, Count Cavour and Count D'Anvergne, the French Ambassador.

The port was full of ornamented small boats crowded with spectators, and on shore the city presented the appearance of a *fête*. A large structure, covered with flags, a symbolic representation of the French and Sardinian alliance, was erected at the landing-place. Flowers were cast before the Emperor by the populace during his progress.

The Emperor held a review of some old soldiers in the courtyard of the royal palace, and in the evening he went to the theatre, where his reception was most enthusiastic. He was accompanied by Prince Napoleon and Prince Carignano.

On the following day the King of Sardinia went to Genoa, and after paying a brief visit to the Emperor, he returned again to headquarters, at Alessandria.

The Emperor having issued a proclamation to the army, in which he said that he had come to second the struggle of a people now vindicating their independence, remained a day to survey the position of the armies and to receive the congratulations of his allies.

On the 19th, the Sardinian Government issued this bulletin: "Turin, May 19.—Yesterday, several detachments of Austrians advanced to Caprisco, near San Geromano, driving off cattle and firing at peasants. Our troops, desiring to fight, awaited the enemy at San Geromano, but they withdrew to Vercelli, which place they this morning evacuated, after blowing up two arches of the bridge of Sesia. Our troops occupied Vercelli this afternoon. The Austrians with their artillery are still on the left bank of the river."

On the same day the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by General Hess, arrived at Milan, and immediately departed for Pavia.

While the Austrian headquarters were moved from Vercelli to Garlasco, the former place was immediately occupied by the allies, much to the joy of the unhappy inhabitants, who, like wheat, are ground between those millstones of tyranny.

In this state we leave the opposing armies for this week.

Naval Operations.

The smallness of the Austrian navy will of course reduce the naval part of the war to a mere capture of Austrian vessels and the blockade of her ports. It is not probable that any attack by the French fleet will be made upon Venice, and Trieste is a neutral port.

A Norwegian brig, while going into Venice, was stopped by a French frigate, and informed that all Austrian ports, with the exception of Trieste and Ancona, were in a state of blockade. The commander of the fortress at Venice had received no notice of the fact.

The French fleet before Venice had already taken twenty vessels. The *Times* correspondent, in the Austrian camp, says that a naval attack on Venice would have no chance of success. Every channel has either been blockaded up by sunken ships, or vessels laden with stones are moved close by ready to close the small remaining passages at a few minutes notice, and guns of large calibre command all these obstacles. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, however, says that the French squadron is not to attack Venice, but merely to blockade that city.

The Austrians at Ancona.

There is vast significance in the Austrians filling Ancona with troops, as it almost implies a secret understanding with England; for without that, they nearly send their men to fall into the power of France, since with the immense navy of that power, all hope of succor from an Austrian fleet is hopeless. Ancona is in the Papal States, on the Adriatic.

On the evening of the 26th of April, 1,400 Austrians disembarked at Ancona, on the morning of the 27th, 200 more. A battalion of Chasseurs and a squadron of Italians were to be at Pesaro in the evening, and on Friday (the 29th of April) it was expected they would arrive in Ancona. Two other steamers, on the evening of the 27th, were bringing in five sailing vessels with troops; another followed them closely, and three others were seen at a distance, and had been signalled. If each contained troops, the garrison will amount to 10,000 men. Other battalions are ready at Trieste for embarkation for the same destination. The immense material of war alarms people even more than the number of troops. The road to the port has been closed to conceal what is disembarked, but five cannons have been openly taken to the Boulevard of St. Augustino. Balls, bombs and rockets in an enormous quantity are visible in all directions; 700 persons are working on a height which commands the fortress called Monte Pulito. The Austrians work in an outcropped camp and in the immediate neighborhood. They have taken possession of the casino of Cardinal Ferretti, villas, and various *fabriques*. They are making a covered road, are re-constructing the lunette, fortifying the telegraph, placing a battery at the Cappuccini, and all around strengthening it with cannon towards both sea and land, especially towards the land. The city has the appearance of being in a state of siege; in a few days it will be ready for defence. The Austrian officers fear the blowing up of a powder magazine in the fortress, where there are 1,600,000 pounds of gunpowder. Still additional quantities are being brought in, in barrels. The Papal banners are still unfolded, as if in mockery. The Austrians dispose of everything as usual. The few cannons belonging to the Pope that remained were to have been sent away on the 25th; their barracks had already been taken from them. The Confaloniere protests strongly against these acts, and refuses everything. The Delegate is embarrassed, not having received precise orders from Rome. The telegraph from Ancona to Bologna is in the hands of the Austrians; that to Rome is open to the public on hour or so in the day. There was talk in Ancona of preparations to resist a blockade on the part of France, and to give support to a body of 30,000 Neapolitans who were said to have crossed the Tivoli and joined the Austrians.

The Position of the French and Sardinian Armies.

The correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, writing from Turin on the 15th May, gives the following bird's-eye view of the position of the French and

Sardinian armies. As we have already given one of the Austrian, this will enable the public to judge their relative positions.

The line of the allies extends from Caluso, which is twelve kilometres from Chivasso on the railway line from Ivrea, on the extreme left, to Novi on the extreme right, divided into three sections by the nature of the ground and of the defences. I will take them successively. The extreme left, from Caluso to Crescentino, to the junction of the Dora Baltea and the Po, is held by General Cialdini, a Modenese who distinguished himself in the last affairs in 1848 and 1849, and was also well known in the Crimea. He has under his orders 80,000 men. To his division are attached the Chasseurs des Alpes, a corps commanded by the well known Garibaldi. This line is supported by the French at Turin, 11,000 of whom arrived this morning. Previous to their arrival hardly a French soldier was to be seen in Turin.

From the nature of the ground, from the character of the Dora Baltea, swollen as it is by the late rains, and from the extent of the fields thrown up by that very intelligent engineer officer, General Menabrea, this line is so perfectly defended as to render any attack from the Austrians extremely hazardous. This line (from Caluso to Crescentino) is assisted on its extreme right by the course of the Po from Crescentino to Frassinetto, in such a manner that an Austrian corps attempting to pass at Frassinetto would be checked by the strong *de-de-pont* at Casale, or by the position of the castle of Vercelli, opposite Crescentino, which completely commands the road at that point. In the same way an Austrian corps trying to force the extreme left of Cialdini's position, would find himself in passing from Vercelli to Santhi, about fifteen kilometres distant from the latter; and Cigliani, which is sixteen kilometres farther on the high road to Turin, brought suddenly up by the guns of Rondissone, some ten kilometres still nearer the capital. We may, therefore, take it for granted that the Austrians are not foolhardy enough to attempt a *coup de main* from that side on Turin.

The Sardinian centre is extremely strong, not only in heavy works at the *de-de-pont* at Casale, but by the natural defence afforded by the Po, which makes a right angle at Frassinetto, runs north to Valenza, and then turns due east to Cambio, where the Tanaro joins it from Alessandria, and forms an easily defended point. At a short distance from the river at Frassinetto is the strong *de-de-pont* at Casale, connected by the railway with the centre of the Sardinian position at Alessandria, twenty-five kilometres distant from the former place. Taking Casale as the *de-de-pont* of Alessandria, we there find the entire division of General Anichini, with its proper amount of pontonniers, sappers and miners, and riflemen in force—placed *a cheval* on the line of road to Valenza, so as to be able to support either Casale or Alessandria. It prevents the passage of the Po by the Austrians on any point between these two forts. The sagacity of this disposition has been shown by the attempt of the Austrians to cross at Frassinetto, which has been entirely defeated by this Sardinian division. We will now take a look at the Sardinian centre and right.

Alessandria, now a fortress of the first rank, is finished in all its parts, and is fully armed, garrisoned and provisioned, and quite as able to sustain a siege as any place in Europe. Starting from Alessandria, we find first a very strong division under that excellent officer, General Fanti, also a Modenese, and well known to the English officers in the Crimea. His division is *a cheval* on the road from Alessandria to Novi, a distance of seventeen kilometres, supported on his right by the French corps recently arrived at Genoa, and now in position along the shoulder of the Apennines, from Saverravia to Villaveria. Villaveria is ten kilometres from Tortona, on the road from that place to Genoa, and Saverravia is sixteen to seventeen from the same place on the same road. The King's headquarters are at Alessandria, or its vicinity. Marshal Canrobert is at the same place. General della Marmora has joined the King. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers's headquarters are at Novi. There is a very strong French force in Alessandria with the Marshal.

Statistics of Italy.

The *Annuario Statistico Italiano* for 1858 publishes the following details, which are of interest at the present moment:

The population of Italy amounts to no less than 27,107,047 inhabitants. They are divided into fifteen circumscriptions; eight, containing 19,913,304 souls, are under Italian Government; and seven, with a population of 7,193,743, obey foreign rule. Italy contains 110 provinces and 10,012 communes, and is one of the countries in which the largest cities and towns are to be found, six of them having more than 50,000 inhabitants, and eight—Rome, Naples, Palermo, Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa and Turin—exceed 100,000. Almost all the population are Roman Catholics, the number of those who profess other Christian creeds only amounting to 36,976, and the Jews to 41,497. The births far exceed the deaths; the increase in the population is particularly remarkable in Sicily and Tuscany, where it may double in seventy-three years.

Italy alone has very nearly one-half as many bishoprics as there are in the whole of Europe; 255 out of 535. The average is 90,000 Catholics for each diocese, and in the Roman States there is one bishop for every 400,000 souls. The clergy are more numerous in Sicily than in any other part of Italy, or perhaps in the world, the number of priests, monks or nuns being 33,266, or one out of sixty-nine inhabitants. There are nearly 300 journals published in Italy; of which number 117 are in the Sardinian States, although they contain only one-fifth of the total population. About the middle of 1859, Italy possessed 1,767 kilometres (five-eighths of a mile each) of railways completed; 2.3 in course of construction; and 654 for which concessions have been granted.

One of the principal branches of industry is the production of silk, and in ordinary years the value of that article is from 200,000,000 to 250,000,000. Lombardy alone, which is only the fifteenth part of Italy, produces one-third. The revenues of the different Italian States amount to about 600,000,000, and the expenses to 640,000,000. The public debt is 2,000,000,000. Commerce is active, but business is much impeded by the high tariffs in many of the States, and by the lines of custom-houses. The mercantile marine of Italy is more numerous, in proportion to the extent of country, than that of any other nation in Europe, England excepted.

The Austrian Empire.

It is not without interest at the present moment to point out what are the German and what the non-German provinces of Austria. The Austrian empire comprises a total superficies of 12,120 geographical square miles, or about 62,000 square kilometres, with a population of 37,000,000 inhabitants. In a territorial point of view, the above extent may be divided into four parts: the Italian countries, 47,000 square kilometres, and 5,000,000 inhabitants; Hungary and dependencies, 354,000 and 14,500,000; Poland, 70,400 and 5,000,000; and the German countries, 139,500 and 12,500,000. These last alone form part of the Germanic Confederation, and they alone are placed under the guarantee of the Federal compact. They are the Archduchy of Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, Austria-Silesia, Salzburg, the Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria, Cariola, Trieste and its territory, the counties of Gorizia and Gradisca, and the county of Mitterburg and the lordship of Trieste in Istria. In Venetian provinces of Austria are Galicia, the Bukovina, Hungary, the Voivodina, Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, a large part of Istria, and the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

Austrian Ports in the Adriatic.

It is considered possible that the French fleet may attack Trieste, and field-works have therefore been constructed at a place which completely commands the entrance to the harbor. It is positively asserted that English vessels are about to visit that port, but no official information on the subject has transpired. A few days ago there were at Corfu four steamers and a couple of sailing vessels; and at Malta twelve men-of-war. Eight steamers were last seen off the island of Lissa, but it could not be distinguished whether they were French or English. At Trieste, however, it was thought they were French, and so great was the alarm of some of the inhabitants of the city, that they sent their valuables to Laybach. Some of the Austrian vessels of war have been sent to the Dalmatian coast, and probably to Pola, which is capable of making a respectable defence, although the fortifications are very far from being completed.

Cattaro is very strongly fortified, but it could be reduced to submission by means of a strict blockade. Gravoso and Ragusa are, comparatively speaking, defenceless, and a landing at either of those places would infallibly lead to a general rising in Montenegro, the Herzegovina and Bosnia. In Venice it is related that several Austrian ships of war have been sent to Cattaro, and, if the news be correct, must be supposed that the Montenegrins have displayed symptoms of an intention to make a descent on the town of Cattaro, which is at the very extremity of the gulf, and consequently close to the Montenegrin frontier. The ship *Reine Kaiser*, has been removed from Pola to Malanotte, where the great part of the Austrian steam fleet is lying at anchor. Vice-Admiral von Paust and Commodore von Skoplich have been appointed commanders of squadrons.

A description of the port of Pola, in the Adriatic, the station of the Austrian war navy, may not be unimportant at the present crisis. The port of Pola is situated in the best and richest part of the coast of Istria. There are few anchoring grounds so fine, so safe, and so capacious. A point named Veruda, which is a peninsula running into the sea, forms the entrance to the bay, at the extremity of which the new port for ships of war is situated, to the north-west of the town. This port, which is nearly three miles round, is deep, and admirably situated. Once inside, a ship is secure from both sea and wind. It is comprised between the island of St. Andrew, the island of Oliveto, and the town on the north and east sides. Independently of the port, magnificent in every respect, there is an interior harbor which extends from the town to the island of Oliveto, and is sheltered from every wind. It is frequented, particularly in summer, because the heat is less than in the port.

Pola was formerly a station for the Roman fleet. The period of its greatest splendor dates from the reign of Septimius Severus, and there are still to be found there numerous ruins and monuments of that period. The most celebrated of all is a magnificent amphitheatre, almost as remarkable as that of Verona, which was restored in 1816. The Austrian Government has constructed considerable works within the last four years, intending to create a naval arsenal. It is at this moment raising important fortifications. Military men are unanimous in declaring that Pola is a position which may be rendered impregnable.

THE NEW STYLE OF WARFARE.

At this present time when two of the greatest military powers of the world are about to engage in war, it may be of interest to our readers to learn something of the improvements in the arms which they use. In the Crimean war, the common muskets were partly superseded by the rifle. An able writer says:

As battles have been hitherto fought, the usual practice has been for the opposing armies to range themselves in battle array at distances varying from

fix hundred to one thousand five hundred yards from one another. At Waterloo the armies were about one thousand two hundred yards apart. At such distances musketry fire was out of the question, as was the fire of grape or any other except round shot from field guns, and even that was so uncertain and innocuous against bodies of men, that no decisive result could be obtained from it. It was necessary, therefore, that one of the armies should cross the intervening space to get at the other. This they could do in any formation that suited them; and the assaults advanced to within two hundred or three hundred yards of their opponents, without suffering any serious damage. As troops could easily pass over one hundred yards in a minute, with two or three minutes at the utmost from the time of the army coming under fire, they were upon their opponents, and either forced them to retire, or were beaten back, with a loss that was wonderfully small, considering what it ought theoretically to be under such circumstances.

As far as we can at present judge, the fight probably will be between the two armies till the one gains a superiority, and is then enabled to turn its attention to the infantry; and when once it has decimated them and rendered them unsteady, one army will then rush as rapidly as possible at the other, and a hand-to-hand fight decide the day. In whatever manner battles will in future be fought, it seems tolerably evident that close formation and heavy infantry drills are out of date, and that light infantry movements are essential, not only to enable the soldier to use with the greatest possible effect the improved weapons which have been put into his hands, but also to prevent his presenting such a target to the fire of the enemy as battalions in close formation and with slow movements must do.

From first to last the soldier must be taught that his object in firing must be to hit something, and that he must not fire unless he sees a reasonable chance of his so doing. If this were once understood and practised, we should no longer hear of such calculations as that it requires the weight of a man in lead to kill him in battle, which is very nearly the truth, military arithmeticians only disputing whether it requires three hundred or one thousand balls to make one hit. The French, for instance, admit to having fired away twenty-five millions of cartridges in the Crimea, and certainly did not hit twenty-five thousand men or half that number by musketry fire; it is no wonder, consequently, that troops advance boldly against one another, knowing that not one ball in a thousand takes effect. With the improved rifles and an improved drill, one in ten ought certainly to be nearer the mark; with old soldiers, perhaps, never less than one in three; and it need hardly be added that battles will then be very different affairs to what they have ever been since the invention of gunpowder. Few men, however, before, saw more clearly than the late General Jacob, the change that would take place. In a passage in a work published in England a few years ago, he says, "Judging from the experiments made—as well as an old artillery officer, as a rifleman and practical mechanic, I am deliberately of opinion that a four-grooved rifle iron gun of a bore of four inches in diameter, weighing not less than twenty-four hundred weight, could be made to throw a shot ten miles, or more, with force and accuracy." This has not yet been accomplished, but it will probably be done before many months are over. Had Jacob lived, his knowledge and experience would alone have sufficed for the fulfilment of his prophecy; for no one had done more to prove the inefficiency of present artillery or to show the direction in which the change must take place.

As it is impossible to enumerate all the weapons of destruction which have been invented, we must conclude with an allusion to Captain Norton's liquid fire, which against shipping, seems likely to be singularly effective. As yet it has only been tried in small shells fired from rifles; but it seems, when ignited by the explosion of an ordinary percussion fuse, to be able to set on fire, not only sail cloth or shavings, but planks and wood of any description, and if discharged on board wooden ships, which it can be by gallons at a time, their destruction by fire would be inevitable.

Besides this, Captain Norton, who has labored with extraordinary perseverance and ingenuity during the last thirty years on these subjects, has a whole arsenal of pleasant inventions for shortening the lives of his fellow-men. Indeed, it is not clear that he is not in reality the first inventor of most of the improvements we have just been detailing, though from some cause or other, he has not yet been able to get the credit for them which seems his due.

Much has been said of Louis Napoleon's rifled cannon, which is to do for the cannon what the rifle has for the musket, give length of range and precision of aim. It is, however, openly stated by the London papers that, owing to some defect in the casting, the gun is a failure, nearly two hundred out of three hundred having burst in the proving. We shall, however, soon hear for certain whether this be the case or not.

Of the Armstrong gun we are enabled to give the inventor's own account, which, should it at all approach the truth, eclipses every similar discovery of the age. At a dinner at Newcastle, Sir William G. Armstrong, in responding to a toast, said:

I will begin by telling you that the gun is made wholly of wrought iron. It is a built up gun—that is to say, it is made in separate pieces, each piece being of such moderate size as to avoid the risk of flaw or fault in the forging. Now, this mode of construction secures very great strength, lightness and durability. The guns display extraordinary durability; and, in a long course of trial, none of them have exhibited the slightest indication of wear. Upon this particular point I may state that a thirty-two pounder gun has already been constructed, besides smaller ones, and I expect soon you will hear of seventy-pounders and one hundred pounders constructed upon the same principles. And now with respect to the breech-loading. All the writers who have undertaken to give information upon this gun have spoken of a large screw working in the breech end of the gun, and pressing against a stopper for the purpose of closing the bore when the gun is loaded; but they all ignore the fact of that screw being a hollow screw, or they have misunderstood the purpose of its being so. There can be no secret about a process which is now daily performed. The guns are both sponged and loaded through the hollow screw, and it is a great mistake to say that the charge, or shot, or sponge can be introduced by the narrow slot or opening which is spoken of as receiving the stopper. This stopper is a very small light piece, widely different to that represented in the fancy portraits which have appeared of this gun. It is chained to the gun, to prevent the possibility of being lost by casualty. There are various peculiarities about the carriages and other adjuncts of the gun. The carriages, which are arranged for guns intended for naval or garrison purposes, are adapted with a slide—a sloping slide—upon which the gun runs back on being fired, and then slides into its original position by gravity, thus obviating the necessity of employing a large number of men. The projectiles are in all cases made of cast iron, thinly coated with lead. The projectile for field purposes admits of being used indifferently either as solid shot or shell, or common case or canister. It is composed of separate pieces, bound together so compactly that the shell has been fired through a solid mass of oak timber nine feet in thickness without sustaining a fracture. When used as a shell it divides into forty nine separate regular pieces, and into about one hundred indefinite and irregular pieces. It combines the principle of the shell and percussion shell. It either explodes as it approaches or as it strikes the object. The percussion arrangement is that the shell, while in the hands of a friend, is as safe and quiescent that it may be thrown off the top of a house without exploding; but when among enemies it is so sensitive and so mischievous that the slightest touch will cause it to explode. The reason of this is, that the shock which the projectile sustains in the act of firing puts the percussion arrangement from half to full cock, and it then becomes so delicate that a shell has been exploded at Shoeburyness by being fired against a bag of shavings. Moreover, the fuse may be so arranged that the shell explodes at the instant of leaving the muzzle. In that case the pieces spread out like a fan, and act as grapeshot. I could give hundreds of examples of the effect produced by these shells; but I will confine myself to a single instance, which I select merely because it took place before the Duke of Cambridge, and many other officers of distinction. Two targets, nine feet square, were placed at a distance of fifty hundred yards from the gun, and seven shells fired at them; the effect of these seven shells was that the two targets were struck in five hundred and ninety-six places, and with so much force that although one of the targets was three inches thick it was riddled through and through with the fragments. Similar effects were produced at much longer distances, extending in some cases to three thousand yards. I leave you to conceive what would be the effect of these projectiles in making an enemy keep his distance. For breaching purposes, or for blowing up buildings, or for ripping a hole in the side of a ship, a shell of a different construction is used.

After describing the difficulties he had encountered in perfecting the gun, Sir W. Armstrong went on to say:

At a distance of six hundred yards an object not larger than the muzzle of an enemy's gun or the crown of a man's hat can be hit almost at every shot. At three thousand yards a target nine feet square, which at that distance appears a mere speck, has, on a calm day, been struck five times out of ten. A ship affords a target large enough to be hit at a very much longer distance, and shells may be thrown into fortresses from distances exceeding five miles. As regards ships being opposed to ships on the open sea, it appears to me they would simply destroy each other if made of timber. The time has gone by for putting men in armor, but I suspect it is only approaching for putting ships in armor. Fortunately no nation in the world can play at that game as well as we can; for our resources, both in the production of iron and in its application to all manner of purposes, are unbounded. As regards a ship opposed to a battery, the advantage will unquestionably be in favor of the battery. It has a steady platform of guns, and it is composed of less vulnerable material. In cases of invasion, the possession of artillery of this description is all-im-

portant to the defenders. I believe it would be quite impossible to effect a landing if opposed by batteries of these guns, or, if a landing were effected, the attacking forces would have to be most awfully cut up.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

It Hadn't "Orter" be Published.—In this language one of the police officers of Justice Welch's Court on Monday pronounced a decision in regard to a complaint against Miss L. Jackson, of No. 16 Greene street—the complaint made by Mr. Joseph W. Trust, of No. 14 Greene street—charging Miss Jackson with keeping a disorderly house. Now, Miss Jackson is pretty, and she is rich, and these two attractions are too much for any one policeman in this district, so our reporters conscientiously believe. On hearing the decision, therefore, and unable to obtain further particulars, our reporter picked up his ears all the more, and was on hand yesterday to see the sort of justice meted out to beauty, when backed (as the expression goes) by "lots of tin." The old subterfuge—delay—was resorted to. Justice Welch is sick. Miss Jackson appeared, but her promised rarely didn't appear. She went home without giving bail, and is to call again. An accommodating Court that—Sus.

Murder in Newark.—Late on Saturday night special officer Clark, at the Jersey City ferry depot, received word from the Chief of Police of Newark, that a man named Patrick Maud had shot down and killed his sister, Mary Turbett, whose husband keeps a little grocery at the corner of Downing and Madison streets. Maud had escaped from the Lunatic Asylum at Trenton, where he was committed a year ago for attempting to murder his wife, he having escaped conviction by the jury coming to the conclusion that he was insane. Arriving at Newark on Saturday last, Maud proceeded to the residence of his sister and shot her down while waiting upon a customer, one ball passing through the heart of Mrs. Turbett. Maud was subsequently arrested in Newark and was committed by the Coroner for trial.

An Infant Thrown from a Child's Cab and Killed.—An infant daughter of Mr. William Richer, of No. 101 Franklin street, died last week from injuries received by being thrown from a child's cab. The brother of the deceased was drawing his little sister, when a boy having a large dog came up and asked permission to listen the dog in front of the wagon and let him draw it. This offer pleased the brother, and the dog being fastened, drew very steadily for a time, until, becoming frightened, he made a sudden turn, upsetting the child, and throwing it headfirst to the pavement, producing injuries from which it died. Coroner O'Keefe held an inquest; in the case, and a verdict was given in accordance with the facts stated.

Remarkable Occurrence.—A very remarkable phenomenon at sea is reported by Captain Rogers, of the bark Roma, from Galveston. On the 4th ult., in the Gulf of Mexico, the vessel passed through a thick "scum" on the surface of the water, which extended as far as the eye could see from N.W. to S.E. The substance resembled coal tar, and gave out a small peculiar to that article. The ocean also gave off steam, as if some hot substance had been poured into it. The phenomenon was attributed to a volcanic eruption at the bottom of the Gulf. Immediately afterwards the vessel experienced a violent hurricane.

Morphy in Danger.—The New York correspondent of *The Philadelphia Mercury*, in a notice of Morphy, the great chess-player, says a queer incident occurred to him soon after his arrival in New York. A carriage drove to the St. Nicholas, in which was seated a splendidly dressed lady. She sent up a card, and requested an interview with the chess champion. The interview was granted, when the fair visitor demanded the privilege of playing a game with Mr. Morphy. Mr. M. looked at the magnificent eyes of the stranger, and said, "Yes, certainly." The chess-table was brought to the window, and Mr. Morphy placed the man. The lady, of course, was permitted the first move. Half a dozen moves were made on either side, and Morphy found himself interested—his visitor promised to prove the most formidable antagonist he had had for a long time. Being absorbed in the game, Morphy directed the servant to admit no one else until it was completed. The game lasted two hours, and was drawn. The lady was satisfied, and blushing took her leave, Morphy himself accompanying her to her carriage. The moment she had gone, Morphy and his friends set at work to ascertain the identity of the beautiful visitor. The principal witness was the name upon her card, which was found in the directory. This, however, proved to be a mistake, and though every endeavor was made to ascertain precisely who was the visitor, the gentlemen are as much in the dark as ever. Whoever she may be, she played the best game in which Morphy was ever a contestant, and she probably adopted these means of matching herself with Morphy in order to assure herself of her own skill.

A Cool Magistrate.—Mr. William Hanford, a young gentleman from Boston, in a singularly dilapidated condition, set out some days since for Chicago, and took passage by the Erie Canal. At Syracuse, finding himself weary and benighted, he applied for a bed at the street-house, and was supplied for the evening with the upper side of a board. In the morning he was brought before the magistrate, who asked him, "Why did you not sleep on the board?"

Hanford—"Got a cold in my eyes."
Justice—"Did you like your lodgings in the watch-house?"
Hanford—"No."
Justice—"How soon do you intend to proceed on your journey?"
Hanford—"As soon as I can find the canal."
Justice—"Officer, show this man to the canal, and tell him which way is west."

Startling Criminal Developments.—In the Cambridge police court, last week, a young man named William Major was held for trial at the Common Pleas Court on a charge of complicity with Faxon and Davison (previously held for trial) in the robbery of William W. Dennis's dwelling-house, on Broad street. The principal witness was a young man named Royal P. Douglas, an accomplice of the parties under arrest, whose testimony disclosed the existence of a club of young men, banded together for the purpose of committing burglaries and crimes of a like nature. The *Journal* states that Douglas testified that himself and six other young men, including Faxon, Davison, Major, Henry Sanborn and William Butler, sons of respectable citizens, constituted the club, the headquarters of which was over the grocery store of Charles Stone, on Main street, Cambridgeport. Here the fellows met each other; slept nights when not on duty, and planned the premises fixed upon to rob, detailing different members for special localities and purposes, &c. The club was governed by a code of regulations, one of which, relating to the disposition of their plunder, was that none but those who ventured upon an expedition should be entitled to any of the booty obtained, and that the fruits of their combined efforts should be equally divided among the participants in the enterprise. The club has been in existence some six weeks, during which time the members have carried on a thriving business, stealing six or eight horses and vehicles, and making about fifteen burglarious attempts in this city and other places. On the night that the house of Mr. Dennis was robbed, it was planned that four of the club, including Douglas, should commit the robbery. Douglas shrank from the undertaking, assigning as a reason for so doing, that Mrs. Dennis was his aunt, and that he did not wish to rob her. He, however, furnished to his associates a plan of the premises, and allured them with visions of rich booty. The house was entered by raising a window, and robbed of silver spoons and clothing to a considerable amount.

Important to Travellers.—Naturalized citizens, more especially Germans, French and Sardinians, should bear in mind, that it is decidedly dangerous for them to visit their native lands while the war lasts, since if they are caught in those media tyrannies they will be liable to fight for one of the warring kings. However, they can have their choice, which is a great luxury. Secretary Cass has notified French subjects to this effect.

Another Saducer Shot in Cincinnati.—We are again called upon to record the particulars of another tragedy, which occurred between eleven and twelve at the Telegraph House, on Western row, near Ninth, in which Richard Mahone was instantly killed by a pistol shot in the hands of John W. Clawson.

Clawson, Mahone and a friend named Adams were in the above saloon standing at the counter waiting drinks, which they had ordered, when the saloon turned on him, and Adams said to Clawson that his (Clawson's) abilities as a singer were small for a man who was pretensions. The latter replied that he could not sing, but could whip Adams if he would step out on the sidewalk. Mahone and Adams turned, and were proceeding toward the door when Clawson drew a pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in Mahone's back, and glancing downward, passed almost through the body, lodging an inch or so above the navel.

Mahone threw up his hands and cried "I'm shot!" at the same time starting for the drug store of Chandler, Ross, & Co., on the opposite corner. He reached the door of the store without assistance, but fell before he could cross the threshold, the blood pouring from his mouth in a perfect stream. He was picked up by those who followed, and carried in and laid on a lounge, but expired in a few moments. He regained his consciousness before his death, and when asked who shot him, replied, in broken accents, the blood still gurgling from his mouth, "John Clawson has killed me about his wife."

Clawson, after the occurrence, fled, but was arrested by officers Myers and Harvey about one o'clock, together with a younger brother named William, who is also implicated in the matter. They were both lodged in the Ninth street station-house to await an examination. Coroner Curry was summoned, but had not, up to the hour of our going to press, gotten through with the inquest.

Clawson is a young man, not probably over twenty-four years of age. His troubles seem all to have occurred from an unfortunate marriage. Six years ago he led to the altar a young and beautiful girl of Philadelphia. The marriage was opposed by both his and her friends. The objections urged were their ages—the not yet fifteen, while he wanted three years before attaining his majority. Despite the warnings and counsels of friends, they eloped, and were married clandestinely. They came to this city, and for two years their lives were happy; but at last the tempter invaded the sanctity of their home, and the girl—though a mother still a girl—again eloped, not as a wife, but as a mistress.

She was soon forsaken by her seducer, and writing to her husband, who still cherished for his erring wife an unalterable affection, a penitent letter, he received her again with all her imperfections. Two years more rolled away, she performing in the interim all the duties of a wife and mother in their fullest sense, the dark spot on their marriage existence was almost forgot, when a second more arch than the first ingratiated himself into their household, and succeeded in alluring her from the path of honor. This was the man whom the husband killed. For a time stolen interviews were had, but of late the twin have lived together publicly as man and mistress. Mahone is also married, and the father of three children.

CHESS.

MORPHY IN BOSTON.—THE DINNER.—The dinner to Paul Morphy at the Revere House, May 31st, was a brilliant affair. Dr. O. W. Holmes presided and made the opening speech, and Mr. Morphy responded briefly and sensibly to the sentiment in his honor. Chief Justice Shaw responded to a sentiment alluding to the Judiciary. Among the prominent guests, many of whom spoke, were President Walker, of Harvard College, Senator Wilson, Professor Longfellow and Agassiz, Hon. Mr. Burlingame, Charles Hale, editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, J. T. Fields and Mayor Lincoln. A letter was read from Edward Everett, who was unable to be present.

THE MORPHY-PERRIN MATCH.—Paul Morphy's star is still in the ascendant, he having won five games from Mr. F. Perrin at the odds of the Knight, with a single drawn game intervening. Like Anteus of old, he seems to acquire new strength from contact with his native soil. To the superficial, the simple statement of five games won at the odds of a Knight, from one of the prominent New York players, is perhaps sufficient; but to those who dive below the surface—who seek for the relation between cause and effect—an explanation is necessary. A short account of the origin of this contest must be given to elucidate our meaning. When Mr. Morphy visited New York for the first time, during and after the Chess Congress, Mr. Perrin, conscious of Mr. Morphy's overwhelming superiority over all the players of New York, offered to accept from him the odds of the Knight, and thirty or forty games were contested, Mr. Morphy gaining a considerable majority. His acceptance of these odds exposed Mr. Perrin to the censure of many of the strong players of the New York Club, with whom he played and still plays on terms of equality. Dissatisfied with the result of these off-hand games, Mr. Perrin signified to Mr. Morphy, on his return from Europe, his desire to play a match with him at these odds, to which Mr. Morphy consented. The first game was fairly won by Mr. M. In the second, Mr. Perrin sacrificed a piece by a miscalculation, and finally had to succumb to the brilliant play of his powerful antagonist. In the third game Mr. Perrin began to show fight, having found his opponent in a powerful combination, and succeeded in drawing the game after a contest of nearly five hours. He had good and, we think, well-founded hopes of recuperating, had he met with encouragement from a quarter whence he had a right to expect it. Instead of this, he was made to understand, on the very day appointed for play, that his match, which threatened a long continuance, monopolized Mr. Morphy, to the exclusion of other members of the Club; that the spectators expressed dissatisfaction at the length of the games; that some off-hand games should be played to interest them, and that, as he lived at Brooklyn, the match should be played there. We leave the public to judge of the spirit which dictated these thrusts. We know the effect they produced on Mr. Perrin, and on his play of Saturday evening last. Suffice it to say that he sat down to the Chess table at half past eight, and in two hours three match games were scored against him, thus complying with the wish expressed, that off-hand games should be played, and affording to the strong players of the New York Chess Club the now desired opportunity of accepting from Mr. Morphy the odds of the Knight.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The second edition of "Morphy's Games" is now ready. The book will be immediately sent, post-paid, on receipt of fifty cents. The delay in sending a number of copies ordered lately was caused by the first edition being exhausted.—W. H. C. The circumstances was an oversight. As to the other matter we were not aware of the fact until notified by you. Composers do wrong to send positions to a second paper before notice to the first.—H. R., Batavia, N. Y. Your note was mislaid until it was too late for us to be of service to you.—C. E. B., Commack, Suffolk Co., N. Y. Items received. Thanks for the information.—Garret, Jackson, Miss. We will look to it.—W. W. H., Sprad Eagle, Pa. You were wrong. The books have been sent.—C. W. B., Lockport, N. Y. We will send you diagrams provided you forward stamps to pay return postage. See solution as published.—P. M. Jeff, Placerville, California. Your request has been complied with. We take the liberty of presenting your opinion of the Morphy Chess men to our other correspondents and readers. "They (the Morphy Chess men) are certainly the most pleasant men to play with that I ever have used."—SACRAMENTO, Cal. Your wishes have been attended to. Please write when your Club has been organized.

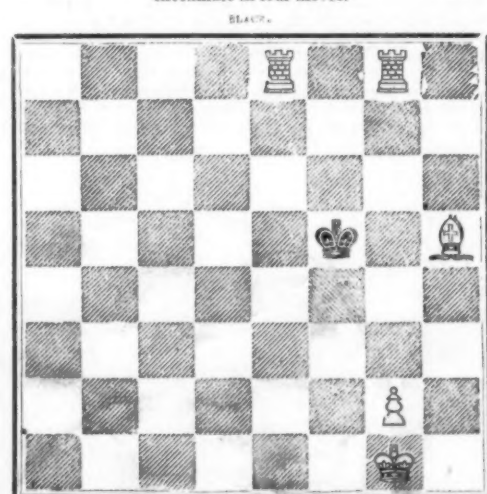
PHILIDOR CHESS CLUB.—At the late election of the Philidor Chess Club of the New York Free Academy, the following were elected officers for the ensuing six months: President, Otho E. Michaelis; Vice President, Nash B. Roberts; Treasurer, S. Bolles; Secretary, R. L. Sanger. The Club has been engaged in playing a match with the Manhattan, of the same institution. Each have scored one game.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED.—The following problems are to hand. They will be duly examined and reported upon. W. H. C., N. Y.; W. V. V. R., New Haven, Ct.; S. W.; Leslie, N. Y.; Jederey, N. Y.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—A. L., Murfreesboro, Tenn.; M. C. C., N. Y.; W. H. C., N. Y.; H. C., N. Y.; A. R., Brooklyn; E. L. S., Coshocton, Ohio; G. W. B., Lockport, N. Y.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 195. R to K4; P moves; Kt to K5; R to K5; Kt to K7 checkmate.—Problem No. 196. K to Kt4 (dis ch); R to K5; Q to K5 (ch); K to K5; Kt to K5 checkmate, with a variation.—Problem No. 197. R to Q3; K to Q4; K to K2; K to K4; P to B4; K to Kt; B checkmate.

PROBLEM No. 198.—By P. J. D., Hoboken. White to play and checkmate in four moves.



GAME between W. M. M. and Dr. D., of Virginia, at the odds of Queen's Rook. Remove White Q.R. (McDONNELL'S DOUBT GAMBIT)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
W. M. M.	Dr. D.	W. M. M.	Dr. D.
1 P to K4	P to K4	10 Castles	Kt to K5
2 B to Q4	B to B4	11 B to Q5	Kt to Q5
3 P to Q4	B to P	12 Kt to K5	B to Kt
4 P to K4	P to P	13 Kt to Kt5	Castles
5 K to Kt3	B to Q5	14 Q to K5	P to K5 (ch)
6 P to Q4	B to Q5 (ch)	15 K to R	P to K5
7 P to Q3	B to Q4	16 Kt to K5	Kt to K5
8 B to P	K to Kt3	17 B to K5	Black resigns.
9 P to K5	Q to K2		

GAME played at the Providence Chess Rooms, between Dr. W. M. M. and A. G. E. A. G. E. gives Dr. M. the odds of Queen's Rook. (KING'S GAMBIT REFINED)

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
A. G. E.	Dr. M.	A. G. E.	Dr. M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	9 Kt to K5	Q to K5
2 P to K4	Kt to Q3	10 Kt to Kt5 (ch)	Q to B
3 P to P	Kt to P	11 R to K5 (ch)	A B to K2
4 P to Q4	Kt to Kt3	12 Kt to Q5	Q to Kt5 (ch)
5 Kt to Kt3	Q to K2	13 Q to K5	Q to K5
6 P to K5	P to Q4	14 Kt to Q5	Q to K4
7 K to K5	Q to K5	15 Q to K4	Q to K4
8 Q to P	Kt to P		Black resigns mate in three moves.

CHESS IN FORT WAYNE, IND.

GAME BETWEEN JULIUS ELSON AND JACOB FIRON. (KNIGHT'S DEFENSE TO THE BISHOP'S OPENING.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Julius.	Jacob.	Julius.	Jacob.
1 P to K4	P to K4	13 P to B	Q to K5
2 Kt to Q4	Kt to B4	14 Q to her Q	P to P
3 P to Q3	Kt to Q4	15 Kt to Kt5	Q to K5
4 Kt to B3	P to K4	16 B to P (ch)	K to R5
5 B to P	P to Q3	17 Kt to B	K to Q5
6 P to Q4	P to Q4	18 B to Q5	R to K7
7 P to P	Castles	19 Q to Q5	Kt to K5
8 Castles	P to P	20 Q to K5	Kt to K5
9 B to Kt3	P to K5	21 K to B	R to K7 (ch)
10 P to P	B to R5	22 Kt to Kt3	R to P
11 R to K5	Kt to Kt5	23 K to Kt	and Black mated in four moves.
12 B to K5	B to B		



THE FRENCH CAMP AT TOULON.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE FRENCH TROOPS AT TOULON, ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE ARMY OF ITALY.

So soon as the first steps had been taken by Austria towards the subjugation of Sardinia, France saw that her ally was momentarily in danger of a sudden invasion, and orders were at once given to hasten the advance of the French troops into Italy.

While military bodies rallied from all quarters of France the army of the Alps, the troops scattered along the frontier penetrated into Piedmont by the valleys of Chambery and Susa, while the troops coming from the interior went directly to Marseilles and Toulon to take passage in the ships of war.

On the Sunday of the 24th April, an unusual scene took place in this latter city. The news ran from mouth to mouth that the head of the column which was to enter Italy by Genoa was close at hand. Military engineers were busily engaged in marking out the place for the encampment of the soldiers on their arrival. At eleven o'clock in the morning, a battalion of the 17th Chasseurs à Pied, and also a battalion of the 74th regiment of the line, reached the camping-ground and pitched their tents. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, at the same moment that the train containing the other battalions of the 74th arrived at the Lyons railway dépôt, the 34th and 37th regiments of the line, which formed the garrison of the city, received orders to leave the city that very evening, but this being an impossibility, did not start until the following morning at seven o'clock.

The railway trains from Marseilles to Toulon continue to transport troops daily to the latter place, from which they are at once dispatched to the seat of war.

Our illustration in the present number represents the general *laissez-aller* aspect of the camp at Toulon during its temporary inhabitation by the French troops.

DEFILING OF THE TROOPS OF THE ARMY OF ITALY AT TOULON, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FROM THAT CITY.

The first departure of the French troops from Toulon gave rise to a manifestation of enthusiasm which is peculiarly characteristic of the spirit of both the French army and the French people in the matter of this war with Austria.

The garrison at Toulon assembled to pass through the customary inspection previous to their departure, continually gave vent to their sentiments of sympathy for Italy, by cries of "*Vive la liberté! Vive l'Italie! Vive la guerre!*"

The entire population of the city, as if magnetized by this example, blended their best wishes for the Italian cause to the acclamations of those brave regiments.

The inspection through with, the troops took up their line of march for the theatre of war, followed along the streets by the encouraging cries of the young and old of both sexes. Our illustration gives a spirited delineation of this scene.

LANDING OF THE FRENCH TROOPS AT GENOA.

The large engraving which we give this week, representing a bird's-eye view of Genoa during the landing of the French troops at that port, and the smaller picture presenting a more detailed view of the ships themselves, are so accurate and life-like, that they scarcely require a written description. We will endeavor, however, to give the reader an idea of that which the pencil of the artist unfortunately cannot convey.

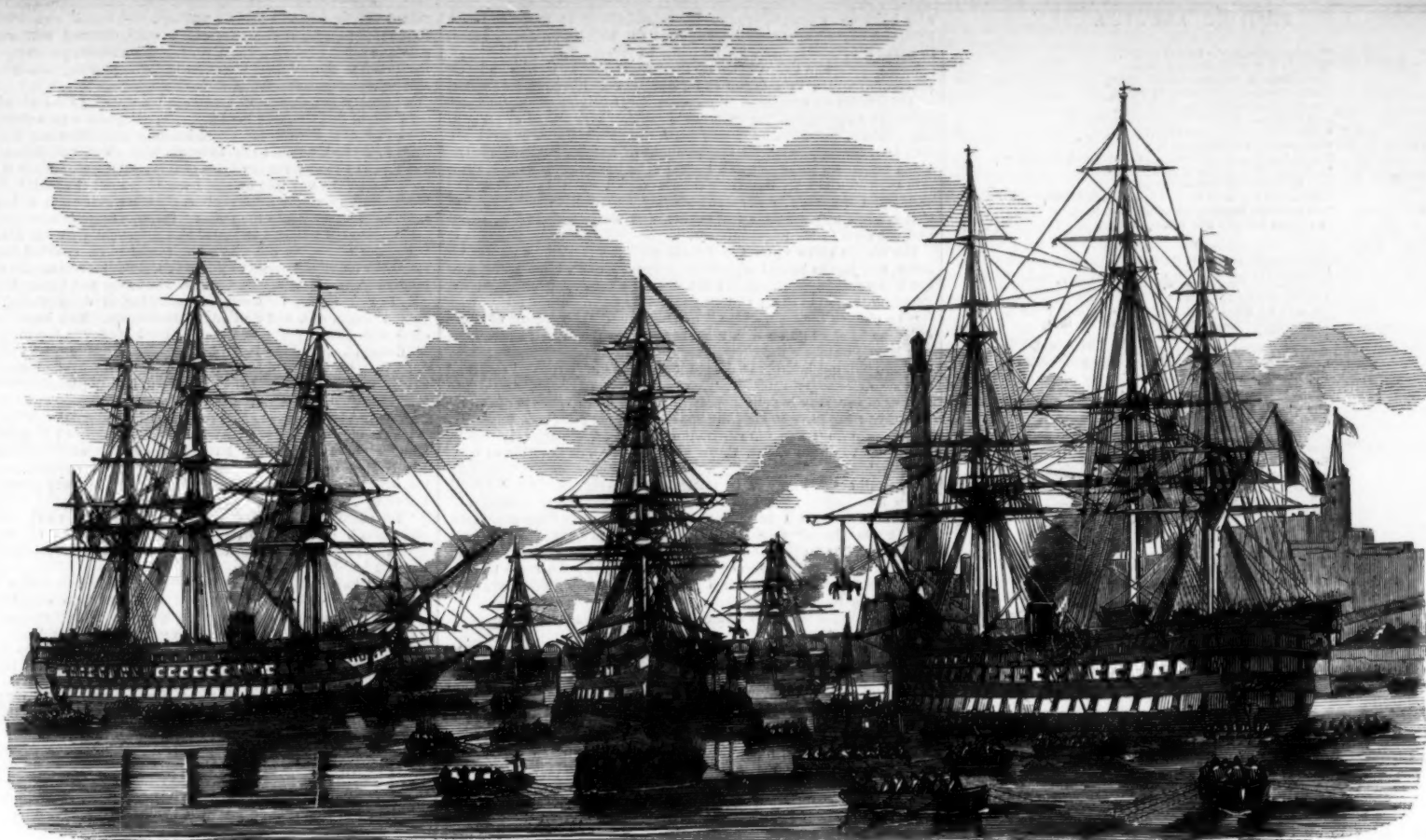
The superb sight presented by the bay of Genoa, lit up by a magnificent sun, with the French ships of war lying at anchor near the Mole, the immense quays of the port swarming with the sun-browned soldiery in their campaigning uniforms, momentarily in a picturesque disorder, while in the background Genoa the Superb rises from the sea, and seems to form even to the sky a staircase of palaces, nestling among foliage, is something of which description can impart but a faint idea.

The Mole is crowded by enthusiastic spectators, who hail every boat-load as it approaches the quay with shouts of welcome. The French troops respond with cries of "*Vive l'Italie!*" and as fast as they land upon the Mole, take up their march through the city to the posts which have been previously assigned them.

The streets of Genoa are filled with people, every window is occupied; the ladies strew flowers in the path of the destined liberators of their country, wave handkerchiefs at them, applaud at their appearance. The scene is unique, heart-stirring. The surrounding palaces, the balconies crowded with beautiful women, the songs of



INSPECTION OF THE GARRISON AT TOULON PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.



ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR AT GENOA WITH TROOPS ON BOARD.

the soldiers, the shouts of welcome from the Genoese, the rattling of the arms, all combine to inspire the heart with emotions which nothing can ever efface.

THE FIRST FRENCH TROOPS ENTERING TURIN.

The advanced guard of the French army in Italy entered Turin on the 30th of April last, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of almost the entire population, immense crowds of whom had flocked to the railway station to welcome their arrival.

At last the order to "Present arms!" is heard; every head is immediately strained in the direction of the station, and soon the favorite march of the Chasseurs de Vincennes is recognised. Along they come, company after company of little, dark-clad, wiry men, advancing at the swinging pace peculiar to the corps, each man carrying on his back his sleeping apartment, his kitchen utensils and his wardrobe.

The division was headed by the Prince de Carignan, having by his side a distinguished Sardinian officer.

It was impossible for greater enthusiasm to be displayed than that which welcomed the French troops.

Cries of "Vive les Sauveurs de l'Italie!" "Vive les Français!" "Viva l'Italia!" burst forth on every side, while the plaudits that

accompanied them were perfectly deafening. As they entered the town, showers of bouquets were thrown from every balcony, and, these being caught by the soldiers, were placed by them in the muzzles of their guns; in fact, throughout the entire length of the march to the quarters provided for them it was one complete ovation. The Chasseurs de Vincennes were followed by the 43d Regiment of the Line, *en tenue de campagne*, with their long blue coats buttoned back and their red breeches tucked inside their white gaiters. They looked as if they had already seen six months' service in the field, for the passage of the Alps had been performed in a drenching rain.

These Chasseurs de Vincennes form one of the "crack" regiments of France, and share equally with the Zouaves the sympathy of the civil population.

THE SARDINIAN TROOPS LEAVING TURIN FOR THE LOMBARDIAN FRONTIER.

The proclamation of the King Victor Emanuel to his troops has awakened in the Sardinian army the most ardent patriotism. The departure of the garrison of Turin, which took place on the impulse of this eloquent appeal to arms, deeply excited the inhabitants of that city. The Sardinian troops seemed proud and happy at

the confidence which the King places in their discipline and bravery.

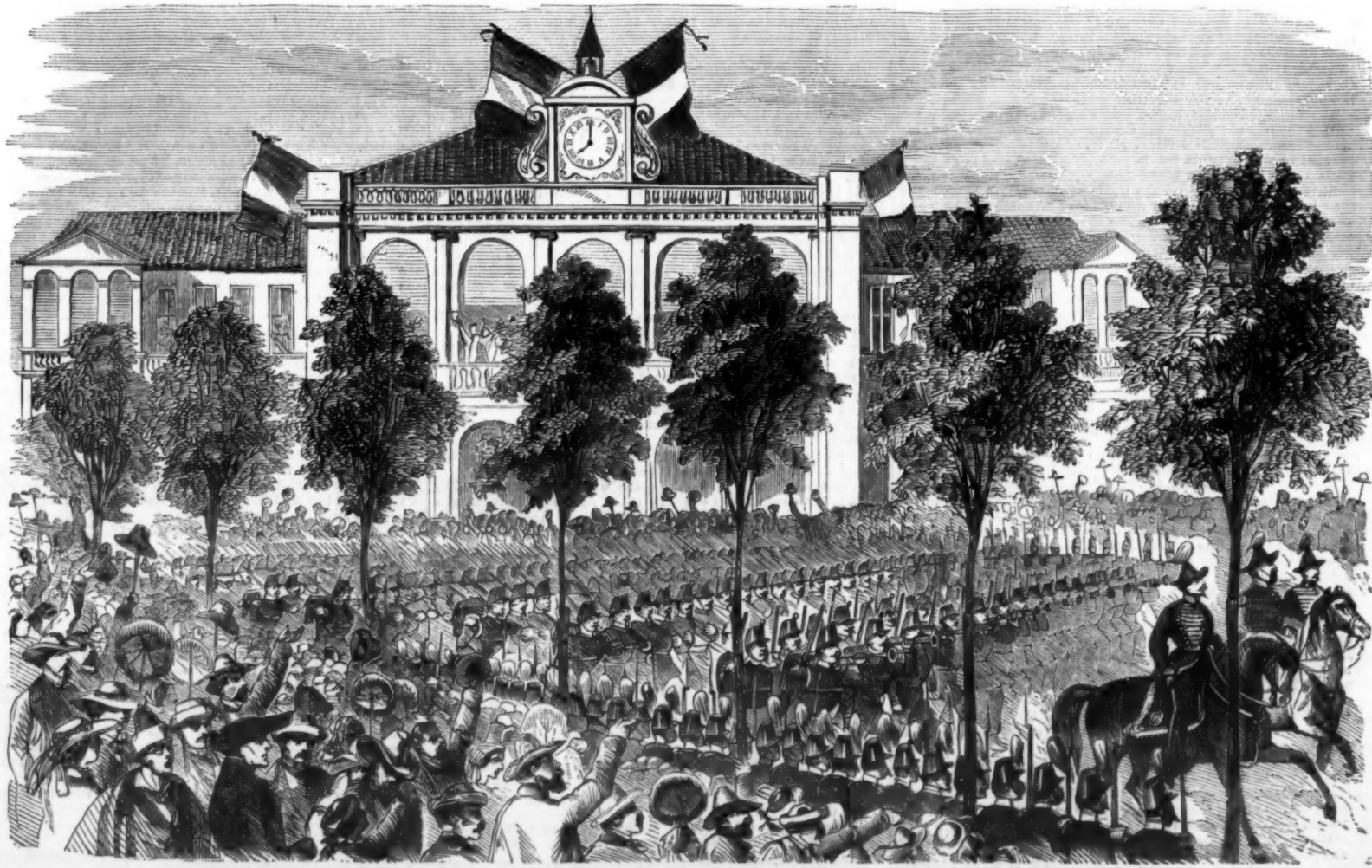
On their departure from the city the garrison was accompanied by the sympathies of an immense concourse of people, who had assembled to bid them "God speed" in the battles they will have to fight for the liberty and independence of Italy.

The troops marched off by the light of their lanterns and the torches of the spectators, inspired by the smiles of fair women and the words of brave men to deeds of valor in the behalf of their country.

This animated night-scene is well portrayed in the accompanying engraving.

Editorial Scrimmage.—Mr. John Savage has recovered a verdict of \$238 against John F. Heiss, of the Washington States, in a suit for arrears of salary. Mr. Heiss deducted fifty days' salary from Mr. Savage's account, for absence from duty at the office; but the Court sustained the plaintiff's claim. A letter from Mr. Savage, addressed to Mr. Heiss, was received in evidence, in which Mr. S. argues that "a journalist is engaged for the general effect he can produce, and not by the day, like a paver on the highway."

Fussy and Pussey.—Professor Pussey, who made a balloon ascension from Worcester, Pa., a few days ago, when at a great height threw a live cat from the balloon, tied up in a bag, which was fastened to an umbrella. The umbrella was opened, and the cat descended in safety to terra firma, profoundly astonished at her rate of travelling.



THE FIRST FRENCH SOLDIERS ENTERING TURIN.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

WANDERING over the breezy slopes
Where the trailing arbutus grows,
(That little flower that timidly opens,
While the wind of March still blows,
In delicate buds of the palest rose,
And blossoms white as eternal snow),
O Love, we walked, and cheerily talked,
That breezy, blustering day,
Where the March winds blow, and the pink buds grow,
And far below us, stretching away
'Neath the sky with its spring-time azure hue,
The heaving, flashing, glittering bay
In solemn breadth and beauty lay!

Sitting under the cedar trees,
Inhaling their odor rare,
With the swaying, swinging, dallying breeze
Playing among thy hair,
Ah, still my fancy thy image sees—
The chequered shadow and shine on thy face,
Lighting the place with a holy grace,
While thy voice was lifted in ballads old
Of maidens who were fair, and men who were bold—
Ah, heaven! thou too wert fair!

The wind is blowing and blustering still
On the lofty cedar slopes,
And still on the southerly face of the hill
The trailing arbutus opens;
But alone I sit 'neath the cedar trees—
Alone with the bolsterous blustering breeze,
The flowers, and my own sad memories,
While the murmur that comes from the flashing seas
Whispers to me, all solemnly,
That love is only a vanity!
Well, it has flown, as the winds have blown
Last Autumn's dead leaves rustling down;
Each Spring, the trailing arbutus grows
When the March wind blows, but love, when it goes,
Alas, is for ever gone!

—George Arnold.

ADA LEIGH;

OR,

THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snakes in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MAT HOLYOAK'S DILEMMA, AND WHAT HE MADE OF IT.

If there is one thing more than another which can be vexatiously displeasing to an individual possessed of clear intelligence and shrewdness, who perhaps is gifted with more than ordinary powers of penetration, it is to find himself tricked by some mean artifice, which a little more than common caution would have detected and prevented.

Mat Holyoak, when reflecting upon his situation in the chamber at the Lizard, was as much enraged at his want of foresight as at his incarceration.

"He saw me coming," he muttered, biting his thumb-nail with chagrin. "The spider must have crouched in a corner until I came buzzing up to him. 'Pretty fly,' he must have chanted, 'innocent greenfly, come to my parlor, it is yawning open for you,' and the greenfly buzzed and flew on gaily, and here he is. Curse it! with so much before me to be so cajoled, and by him! But I shall surely have some opportunity of retaliation, Mr. Loach. I don't fancy it will be Gilbert Hardress's game to do me at once an injury which will settle my accounts with this strange world. He will want to know from me a good deal of what he thinks I can tell him, incite me perhaps to desert and then send me as a spy into the enemy's camp. Let me see; I have to deal with devilish cunning fellows. I don't see why I shouldn't see as far through a haystack as they, and—um! a still tongue makes a wise head, and the looker-on sees most of the game. If now I had but seen Miss Lucy Alabaster, I would have cheerfully played the gull, have suffered myself to have been entrapped, learned a thing or two of the guileless family residing and visiting here, and then—ah, don't let me halloo until I am out of the wood. There is that poor girl in the heart of a tremendous trial, and I am here, unable to budge an inch."

Something very like an oath burst from his lips. He cast his eyes round the room; he examined the walls, the door, the window, but saw no opening by which an escape might even be attempted. The chimney was barred above the stove by a thick iron grating, which allowed nothing more tangible than smoke to pass between its interstices, and he returned to his seat, satisfied that he was precisely in the condition of Sterne's starling—he could not get out.

"This room has not been guarded with iron bars and bolts for the purpose merely of morning and evening devotion," he said to himself. "I wonder what infernal pieces of knavery have come off here. I've read in books that in such places evidences of guilt are stowed away beneath the floor-boards, behind wainscots, in chimney corners. If I could discover any traces of rascality so damning to the integrity of the venerated proprietor of this sink of iniquity as to cause him to be forwarded far, far upon the sea, to one of those places beneath the world, where under the regulations of a maternal government, life is the heaviest burden to be borne, I would do so with an enjoyment Noah Loach should witness with dismay. Let us see what we can find."

While occupied in carefully examining inch by inch the wainscoted walls, he caught sight of a bullet-shaped head at the window. A sidelong glance enabled him to detect Crab the ostler, his spy; he did not appear to observe him, but went on with his scrutiny without losing sight, however, of his motions.

A few minutes' observation appeared to satisfy Crab, and he disappeared just as Mat had decided upon throwing up the window and making a remark to him, which he intended should be converted into a message to his master. Mat was not only disappointed at his sudden departure, but a little disconcerted to find that the window sashes were screwed down, and the beds of the screws as well as the heads carefully concealed.

Round and round he roamed, without being able to light on any of the secret recesses upon whose existence he had been speculating, and the day wore on long past the hour of dinner, without a soul approaching to enliven him, even by a struggle. He felt the gnawings of an unsatisfied and increasing appetite, and as he grew hungry he grew angry.

"They don't mean to starve me to death, I hope," he said to himself; "that would be a very disagreeable mode of punishment. I could soon put a stop to their plan with this," he added, looking at his pistol; "but then, while there is life there is hope, and I know as soon as Sir Gerard Verner, that fine brave gentleman, imagines my absence has exceeded its proper limits, he will set out on a hunt after me. Cecil, too, true-hearted, generous, noble gentleman, he will not rest when he misses me. He would not fail to come here in search of me; so that putting an ounce of lead into my brain by way of keeping me from starving, is not to be thought of. Besides, to throw away all chance of seeing those sweet loving eyes of Lucy's again—No!"

He put the pistol in his pocket, and after musing for a minute or two, he muttered,

"They must surely have forgotten that they have so valuable a prize in their trap. How can I contrive to let them know that, if they have secured me, I am alive still?"

He cast his eyes about the room; there was only a bench which ran part of the way round the side nearest to the window; it was firmly attached to the wainscot. In front of it there was a table fastened to the ground with iron brackets, but nothing of a move-

able kind was within the room. He walked slowly up to the opposite side, and dashed his heavy boot against the wainscot a dozen times, in rapid succession, and with tremendous force.

Large splits and fissures ran up the panels, and he noticed a large piece of it which he had forced in, and which, it occurred to him, would furnish an excellent implement for creating as great a disturbance as possible. He designed smashing every pane of glass in the window, and when that was done, to shout through the open iron bars for help, with all the strength of lung he possessed. His voice was of no mean power; his out-door life had rendered it little less than stentorian. Remain quiet he would not; careless of the result of the uproar he purposed making, he would be satisfied only if it in some way precipitated events, and shortened, how he cared not, the term of his imprisonment.

His terrific kicks upon the panels certainly created a deafening noise, and just as he had succeeded in forcing out a huge splinter of the wainscot, he heard outside the chamber door a gruff voice demanding the cause of his violent proceedings.

"To change the amusement," he answered. "I am tired of being quiet, and I shall go on with the attempt to make myself heard until you let me out."

"You will not be liberated until it answers our purpose," returned a voice evidently disguised. "No harm is intended you, and if you are wise, you may benefit yourself; if you are obstinate and perverse, you will have to take the consequences of your own folly. He is wisest who takes care of number one; an opportunity will be given you to do it; if you throw it away, do not grumble at what follows."

"I shall act as I choose to think best," returned Mat. "I don't know who you are, and I don't care. I shall not put up quietly with the infamous trick I have been played by the cadaverous knave, Loach; so I intend to make as much noise as I can, until I am exhausted; after a rest I shall begin again, about an hour after midnight, accompanying cries of fire and murder, by the most tremendous row I can get up. I am a prisoner—a starving prisoner, and I shall do my best to get out."

He dashed his foot with tremendous force against the panel, again splintering it in all directions.

"Hold," cried the voice, "I warn you to be quiet or you will be bound hand and foot and thrust into a vault below, where you must lie immovable, and where there will be no one to listen to your cries but a colony of rats. You shall have some dinner; beware and be silent. Await the issue; it will be your own fault if what appears to you to be a misfortune does not prove to you a fortune."

The voice ceased, and Mat heard retreating footsteps; by the silence which succeeded he knew that he was left alone once more. He reflected for a minute.

"A proposition, I'll be sworn," he said to himself. "I'll seem to listen to it, if only to afford me a chance of getting away. I will not appear, however, to be quieted by the allurement held out to me; but if I only get a large portion of this oaken panel in one piece away from the stiles of the wainscot, I may with the help of that table get up a very respectable imitation of thunder."

He set to work and pulled at the panel with his utmost strength, but he only succeeded in dragging away another splinter of the tough wood. Armed like most young men of his class with a formidable clasp knife, he proceeded to make use of it, and succeeded after some labor in cutting away another and a larger portion.

While thus employed he heard a bolt which fastened his door without, being cautiously removed; but at the same time he heard a chain attached to the door. It was then unlocked and opened for a short space. He got ready for a spring at it, but the clink of the massive chain told him such an attempt would be useless, and so he sat still and watched. A hand was inserted pushing through the opening a small basket of provisions; it was then withdrawn, and finally reappeared with a bottle and a glass. The hand was large and exceedingly dirty.

"It is the hand of that vagabond Crab," exclaimed Mat, loudly; and acting upon a sudden impulse, he drew out his pistol and fired at it.

The hand was withdrawn like lightning, and a yell of pain uttered with intense vivacity informed him that he had hit his mark, although he had fired at random, rather to frighten the fellow than to injure him. At the same moment the gruff voice cried passionately,

"You will repent this!"

The door was closed to with a sharp bang, the bar was replaced, and the bolts redrawn into their sockets.

Mat, despite the annoyance of his situation, could not help laughing.

"You will insist upon having my company," he cried in a loud voice, "and you must put up with me. I'll make you so sick of me before I leave, that you will never invite me here again."

The sight of the food calmed him for a little while. He took possession of it and conveyed it to the window. After examining it and smelling it, he muttered:

"It is all right, I believe; but as for the liquor not a drop of it for me. I like a little something to cheer me, not to drug me."

He made a hearty meal of the cold meat and bread set before him, and when he had finished he fell into a fit of abstraction, wherein he began to consider that all things were for the best.

Not that he intended to remain placidly in his cell any the more for this consideration: he resolved to keep up the agitation because he was sure it would end in something. His gaolers now knew that he was armed; and if they, whoever they might be, determined on a struggle, he knew it would be a desperate, perhaps a fatal one. This suggestion did not, however, deter him, and he returned to his panel, worked indefatigably, and obtained possession of a portion larger than any he had before succeeded in tearing away.

As he wrenched this last piece out, he gazed upon the space it exposed with an air of amazement. He looked intently at it, touched it, and then on tip-toe approached the window, and turned his eyes to the left and right, into the nooks of the narrow courtyard without, with the endeavor to ascertain if Crab was on the watch.

He could see no one. He softly approached the door, and listened intently. No sound, but a dull murmur more like the sighing of the wind than anything else, met his ear. He returned to the panel.

"A secret door, by all that is fortunate," he muttered to himself.

"What does that hide, a cupboard or a way out?" He examined it as well as the space would permit, and feeling down in the cavity below where he could see, he discovered at a very short distance a key small and rusty, the ring-handle being only left out of the keyhole.

His heart throbbed as it had never throbbed before. He took possession of the dinner-knife, and with that and his clasp-knife he set to work at the panel again.

At times he would jump from his work and stand at the window, or seat himself on the bench, whistling as loud as he could, under the impression that his gaolers were at hand. But, after a while, he found that he was undisturbed, and he resumed his work.

This time he proceeded systematically; and though it was a task demanding persevering labor and strength, he succeeded in cutting out the panel, which was a large one, from the stile, and laying bare the door. It was then just nightfall; the room had become gradually dark, and there was barely light enough left to see the size and shape of the door. He was, however, able to make it out, and to open it.

He looked into the space it uncovered; it was as dark as pitch. Nevertheless, it led somewhere, and he determined to explore. He withdrew the key and entered into the black blank space. He closed the door after him and locked it.

How many years had passed since it had been opened? What horrible things might it not contain? Perhaps some ghastly skeleton or other object, enough to scare into frenzy all who had not nerves of iron.

Mat had to grope his way both with hands and feet. He sacer-

tained that he was in a narrow passage, and that it was circular. It conducted to a flight of steps, which were covered with some soft substance, felt perhaps, which rendered his footsteps soundless. He continued to ascend until a stream of light, pouring through a small oblong opening, caused him to pause.

He knelt down and looked through the opening through which the long line of light poured, and saw that beyond was an apartment furnished, and that it was tenanted by a man who sat moodily in front of a fire with his back towards him. Mat concluded that he had reached the secret entrance to this apartment. What if it were locked, and the key he possessed would not fit the lock? No matter, he would wait for a convenient time, burst it open, and, if necessary, fight his way into the street. He was desperate now.

He patiently watched the man who sat silently by the fire, in the hope he might make out who he was, and so be enabled the better to decide on what course to pursue; but the individual did not give him the chance, for he seemed to cower lower and lower before the fire, as if dropping to sleep, or indulging in deep thought. Suddenly the man rose and quitted the apartment. Mat heard the door close with a loud noise, and then he tried his key in the lock, and to his delight he found the bolt yield without a sound. He opened the door, and he was within the apartment. He looked around him. Surely it was the one in which Cecil had slept. Mat, assured of this, was about to make for the door and dash down-stairs at all hazards, when he heard rapid footsteps ascending the stairs.

He turned to the panel by which he had entered; it had closed, and he could not detect its outline, so as to re-open it. He had barely time to conceal himself behind the long hanging drapery of the bed, when the door was flung open, and Gilbert Hardress, followed by Noah Loach, came into the room.

"Be ruled by me," observed Noah, in his quiet, sleek tone; "do not disturb him yet. Give him twenty-four hours on an empty stomach, and with the odor of a broiled steak in his nostrils, he will be your humble servant."

"Bah! he's not the man to do it," cried Gilbert Hardress, harshly. "My plan's the best; cut his throat, and have done with him."

"You will not have done with him, my friend," returned Noah. "His dead body would be an inconvenient possession."

"Suppose he refuses to fall into our views, what are you to do with the obstinate cub?" roared Hardress, striking the table with his fist.

"Keep him locked up until he does," was the reply. "I have got a beautiful vault below, reaching under the street; its existence is known only to myself; if he is refractory, into it he goes. Chained ankle and wrist, fed on dry bread, and slumbering on straw, he will be open to accept a liberal offer, especially when he knows that, if he tries to play the double upon us, he will be again trapped and put in there never to leave it alive. He shall starve there to death—starve, and the rats shall make an excellent surgical preparation of his bones."

"Um!" grunted Hardress. "How will you put this to him?"

"By proving it to him," he answered; "by alternately feeding and starving him; by giving him a taste of what he may expect by a week's discipline where he now is. I am quite aware that Sir Gerard Verner, missing him, will look in upon us; but I intend to throw him off the scent this very evening."

"How?" asked Gilbert Hardress.

"Why?" returned Noah, slowly rubbing his hands one over the other. "I mean to proceed to Putney Heath with his cob, which I have made Crab saddle and bridle; it is standing at the door at this moment. I shall then turn it loose after unfastening the girth, and leave it to tell its own tale. It will throw the scent off the Lizard at all events."

"There's something in the plan I like," said Gilbert Hardress, musing. "After all, he will be like the most of us, do that which is best for himself, and kick sentiment to the devil. I'll bribe him well: he has come to seek his fortune—a mere clodhopper, and will serve whoever will pay him the best."

"Especially if he is starved into it," said Noah, rubbing his hands. "I have decided on one thing, Noah," continued Hardress, "and that is to get the best of our opponents by obtaining a material guarantee."

"A material guarantee!" echoed Noah Loach.

"Yes," returned Gilbert Hardress. "Spencer Leigh has a fair daughter—a pearl of beauty. I mean to seek my opportunity to make her my ward."

"Your ward! What do you mean to carry her off?" asked Loach. "Yes," said Hardress, "keep her as a hostage—a material guarantee, as I have observed in order that the result we are both struggling to attain shall be in my favor."

"You will keep her concealed, of course," observed Noah, with a grin.

"I think where no one can discover her," he replied; "if they do they will be as cunning as—"

"Your friend, the rustic Holyoak," interposed Loach.

Hardress grated his teeth.

"Ay," he said, "he tricked me with Netty, and he shall reveal to me whither she has gone before I make any terms with him at all."

"Why not let her go, if you are now bent on securing the person of the pretty Miss Leigh? Two ladies at one time in a—"

"Silence," roared Hardress, "unless you would have me beat your skull in. Let me caution you how in my hearing you speak of either of those ladies; Netty Hardress I would make my wife, for an important reason. The marriage will be, however, by her own consent; the object with which I would enter into such an union would be destroyed unless I had her signature witnessed by a public officer. As for Miss Leigh, if I could bring this stubborn heart to love, she, of all creatures in the world, I could most adore; so fair, so beautiful, so gentle and trusting—sdeath, why did you introduce this subject to me, man, when my mood is of so dangerous a character?"

"Pardon me, you introduced the subject yourself," returned Noah, in a deprecating tone. "But if you think my services would be of any value in assisting you to capture the beautiful Miss Leigh, give me some notion of your plan."

"She can wait for the present," said Hardress, impatiently; "Netty must be my first consideration. I received this morning a communication from Ben Bye, which is full of matter that I cannot make out. There is something wrong about Johan Drax which I do not understand—however, he has failed to obtain for me that for which I sent him, and he at the same time acquaints me that Netty has not returned to Bristol."

"Did I not tell you she did not proceed by train?" exclaimed Noah Loach.

"Fshaw!" cried Hardress, impetuously. "It is as I suspect. She has been sent by the fellow you have locked up below, to Inglesby. She must have passed under your nose, and by the very train I bade you watch."

"Never!" exclaimed Noah, emphatically.

"Bah! I am sure of it," cried Hardress. "At all events, I must see to the matter and get her back again without a moment's delay; for what with the loss by Old Nabal—the old ass—of most valuable documents carried off by the very knave below—the failure of Ben Bye to recover for me a most important deed, and the escape of Netty, I shall, unless I repair the disasters, be utterly ruined."

He jumped to his feet. "Come," he cried with a harsh tone, knitting his brows, "let us descend at once to see this Holyoak. I must bring him to his tether; I hope I may get over the interview without knocking his brains out."

"Had you not better wait until my return?" said Loach, rather urgently.

"No," exclaimed Hardress, impatiently.

"He is armed," emphatically observed Loach.

"I care not! Come, let us to him," said Hardress, moving towards the door.

"But," persisted Loach, "let me suggest that—"

He paused suddenly, he slowly lifted up his eyes, his jaw dropped, and with a face as ghastly as that of a corpse, he motioned to Hardress to look behind him. The latter turned, but the lamp which lighted the room was seized suddenly by a tall dark figure, and dashed to the ground. Hardress felt himself hurled into the fireplace. Loach was felled by a tremendous blow, which crashed upon his brain like a thunderbolt. The door was torn open, closed; the key turned in the lock; and Mat, for it was he who had done this, descended the stairs three at a time. He flung over the waiter who stood at the bottom of the second flight of stairs, dashed down into the hall below, and so out into the yard.

Crab had got his cob by the bridle with one hand; the other banded, was in a sling. The cob was turning round and round, and Crab was trying in vain to kick it inhumanly on the ribs. A blow from the butt end of a pistol suddenly hurled him to the ground, while Mat, with a cry of intense exultation, vaulted into the saddle and galloped away into the streets, taking any by-way that presented itself so that it lay in the direction of the river Thames.

CHAPTER XXV.—GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE AND PATCHES OF SHADOW.

It had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Alabaster, as to that of most persons who have been surrounded by difficulties, anxieties and cares, occasionally to indulge in day dreams. In these mental pictures, Captain Crossjack stood out in bold relief. In her mind's eye, Mrs. Alabaster could see the brave vessel, the Storm Cloud, doubling the Cape of Good Hope in a stormy gale like Vanderdecken's phantom ship. Then would she watch it ploughing its homeward way over the boisterous element at a rate which steam could never hope to attain. Onward, onward, flying rather than sailing, it would draw nearer and nearer, until it ran swiftly and safely into port; the sails furled, the anchor let go, and out of the dim shadowy vacancy would suddenly appear before her lurid eyes a stout, ruddy-faced individual, dressed in a blue frock coat and trousers to match, a stern look on his features, but in his hands bags containing a fabulous amount of gold, which he poured in profusion into the greedy hands of Messrs. Scorch and Witherem. Then would follow the signed order for Mrs. Alabaster's release from custody, and a grand kind of transformation scene in which everybody in general, but herself and Miss Lucy in particular, were made happy, and were to continue so for ever afterwards.

Not the spirit of her father, therefore, not the shade of her departed husband coming so suddenly and as unlooked for, could have so strongly affected her. It was not that she was so electrified at his appearance at the moment—she believed him to be at the other side of the world—that her senses quitted her on beholding him; but it was that his apparition brought tidings of joy and deliverance now, and of peace hereafter.

Captain Crossjack wore upon his countenance an air of severity; he had made up his mind to deliver himself of some very cutting reproaches and reproofs, when the wild shriek from Mrs. Alabaster's lips burst upon his ear, and he saw her fall senseless upon the floor.

He rushed forward and assisted Lucy to raise her; he shouted out for help with a strength of lungs which soon brought the attendant belonging to the house to his assistance, and by the aid of some cold water, with which Lucy bathed her temples, Mrs. Alabaster was restored to consciousness.

Then, as soon as she was able to recognize the captain again, she wrung his hands, and tried to pour forth a history of the circumstances which had brought her to this look-up house; but she cried so much, and rambled so widely from a connected history, that Captain Crossjack became wholly bewildered.

"Hold on!" he cried sharply, "believe me, Mrs. Alabaster, belay there! It isn't possible for me to hoist in half what you are paying out. Why, you are running the log off the reel at twenty knots an hour, as if you'd a spanking breeze right aft, and I had no lee-way to make up! You are getting the weather-gauge of me altogether. Here, let your daughter Looce give me the dead reckoning. Heave ahead, Looce, she has rove some of the yarn over the sheave already, and she pays out, going on an easy bowline. I can make her out without a spell at guessing; now, then, lass, prick the chart."

Lucy, to whom the seaman's idiom was almost as incomprehensible as Greek, yet understood his wish, and as concisely as possible related the main points of what had occurred during his absence.

Captain Crossjack listened with attention to all she said. Several times an indignant exclamation rose to his lips ready to burst forth, but he restrained himself, remaining quiet until she had brought her narrative down to the present moment, and then he turned to Mrs. Alabaster, who, during Lucy's recital, had been wringing her hands, and sighing and moaning, for it was still painfully palpable that she was a prisoner, and folding his arms, he exclaimed,

"Look here, Mrs. Alabaster—Madam Maria—d-n me, Molly—I always used to call you Molly, and I shall hold on to it still. Now, Molly, just look me in the face, and tell me, did I not pay every farthing of that five thousand pounds?"

"You told me so, sir," she replied.

"Sir be—banged!" he roared angrily. "Ned Crojick—Ned, Molly, you always called me Ned, and do so still, or I'll up stick and away. Now, Molly, didn't I show you the deed after I had paid the money?"

"You did, sir—Ned," she answered.

"Ned it is!" he responded. "Of course I did, for I left it with you."

"With me?" she cried.

"With you, Molly—that is, in my front room in Triangie square," he returned.

"Impossible!" she ejaculated.

"I say I did," he cried, hitting the table with his fist.

"Why, it would be there now," she observed, with undisguised amazement.

"There! Pooh, there's nothing there. You shipped your cable, I was told, and bolted with everything," he exclaimed, emphatically.

"My mother has all your papers safely," interposed Lucy, quickly.

"She has!" cried Captain Crossjack, "then she has no business here!"

"I have no business here, Captain Crossjack!" exclaimed Mrs. Alabaster. "Nobody knows—or ought to know it so well as you, for when I signed that dreadful parchment—"

"I said you should never suffer by it, Molly," cried Captain Crossjack, striking the table, "and I took care that you shouldn't."

"But you have all the papers, mother, have you not?" inquired Lucy.

"O, yer, every one," she replied.

"Where have you got them?" asked Captain Crossjack, quickly.

"At Walham Green—at the place we moved into when we left Triangie square," returned Mrs. Alabaster.

"Then we'll be off there at once and get the deed, and kick up blue thunder with the fellows who have brought you here," observed Captain Crossjack, rubbing his hands with glee. He advanced to the bell, and an attendant answered.

"Can you send for a cab?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, sir," returned the man.

"Then heave-a-head, and get one that will hold four," said the captain, quickly.

"Four, sir," replied the man, counting heads.

"Four," roared Captain Crossjack, fiercely. "And, look you, bear a hand, for we have been in quarantine long enough."

Before the slightly bewildered attendant could reply, an individual entered whom Mrs. Alabaster recognized with a groan. He made a slight inclination of the head to her, and said,

"Now, ma'am, what are you going to do? Seen your solicitor, ma'am?"

It was the sheriff's officer, who was anxious to know one of three things, viz., whether Mrs. Alabaster was going to settle the claim, whether she intended to go to Whitecross Street Prison, or whether

she had decided on selecting the Queen's Bench, until she had taken the steps necessary to release her from the situation in which she had been placed by circumstances. Mrs. Alabaster informed him that she had not seen any solicitor, and Captain Crossjack acquainted him with his intention to convey Mrs. Alabaster at once to Walham Green. The officer threw a doubt on the feasibility of such intentions being carried into execution, unless, as she observed, the captain was prepared to satisfy the *ca. sa.* upon which she had been taken into custody.

"It is all a robbery and swindle, which I don't understand," argued Captain Crossjack. "You are claiming money which has been already paid by me."

"By you?" echoed the officer.

"By me, long ago; I have the deed itself, and the receipts for the repayment of the money advanced to prove it," he added, rather excitedly.

"Where are they?" asked the officer.

The captain, Mrs. Alabaster and Lucy cried in a breath,

"At Walham Green!"

The officer shook his head.

"You must prove that to the satisfaction of those who issued the warrant," he said; "I have only to perform my duty. Nothing but the payment of the money, or a release from the plaintiff can discharge you from the custody of the sheriff. So, ma'am, if you please, as you have not arranged with a solicitor, you had better come at once with me to Whitecross street."

"Not if Ned Crojick's aware of it," roared the captain, advancing between the officer and Mrs. Alabaster.

Before the man, whose ire was roused at this interference with his authority, could reply or act, Sudias Phibbs entered the apartment. He sidled in with a kind of gliding, sneaking movement, and glanced rather uneasily round to ascertain if Jasper Olive was there; but perceiving that he was absent, assumed a more confident air; bowed, with studied politeness, to Lucy, then to Mrs. Alabaster, but regarded Captain Crossjack with a constrained supercilious manner.

"This person is a friend, I presume, Mrs. Alabaster," he exclaimed, addressing that lady in a tone of impudent affection, and pointing to Captain Crossjack.

"This long-shore lubber is a jack-a-dandy, I'll be sworn," cried Captain Crossjack, fiercely, annoyed at his tone and manner.

"Re—ir," responded Phibbs, assuming an indignant air.

"This young man is the author of all my misery," observed Mrs. Alabaster, replying to Captain Crossjack with a motion of her hand in Phibbs' direction.

"Meddem!" cried Phibbs, "I assure you—"

"He is, eh?" exclaimed Captain Crossjack, working his hands uneasily about, and moving nearer to him, Phibbs making a simultaneous retreat of two or three steps.

"Well," replied Mrs. Alabaster. "He is the only person I have seen in the business. He came to me at first; it was he who asked me for five thousand pounds."

"And costs," interposed Phibbs, spontaneously.

"And costs," repeated Mrs. Alabaster. "It was he who found me out after I left Triangie square."

"Which it was not treating of me well, meddem," interrupted Phibbs; "you will please to rekerlect that, and not to leave word where you—"

"Avast!" roared the captain, "keep in your slack till it's wanted. Fire away, Molly!"

"Yes, captain," continued Mrs. Alabaster. "This individual—"

"Indervederal, meddem," ejaculated Phibbs, indignantly.

"Will you hold on," shouted the captain. "By the Lord Harry, I'll clap a stopper on for you myself, if you don't!"

"This young man tore me from my home and Lucy, thrust me into a cab, and brought me to this filthy place last night," continued Mrs. Alabaster, looking in no very friendly manner at Phibbs, who was beginning to smoke with heat and embarrassment.

"Meddem!" continued Phibbs, taking one step nearer to her.

"Yes, meddem!" growled Captain Crossjack, bending a look with knitted brows on Phibbs. "Look here, you cook's-mate's minister. I, Ned Crojick, borrowed of old Nick's grandfather, named Flint, the sum of five thousand pounds on a bond."

"Good!" ejaculated Phibbs.

"That bond I paid," continued Captain Crossjack.

"Oh, really, Keptin Crossjack—I think you said your name was Keptin Crossjack," observed Phibbs, in a peculiar tone.

"I say I paid that bond," roared the captain, at the top of his voice, "and the interest and all charges upon it; and that bond and the receipts shall be produced in a court of law, and if there is any justice to be had in the country, you shall be keel-hauled, my man, I promise you."

"A—Keptin Crossjack, I have no personal feelin' in the matter," responded Phibbs. "I represent Messrs. Scorch and Witherem, of Crunch Lane, Cttee. You must make your complaints to them of any. I ken ere to be of seffice; but it appears to me that me good intensions are not appreciated; so I beg to wash me hands further of the matter. I hev only this to say, that I think instead of repudiating the claim by declaring that you hev paid, you would do much better if you were to make some effort to square the matter by railing the munny among your frens."

"I'll square your yards by your lifts and braces if you don't make sail from here without further palaver," cried Captain Crossjack, excitedly. "I'll steer from Crunch lane, and be with your employers before you are. I'll fathom what all this means. And now, mark me, if you don't quit the ship, I'll lower you into the hold without your being able to touch the ladder on your way down."

Mr. Phibbs folded his arms, and said,

"I believe there is no doubt that you really are Keptin Crossjack?"

"I believe you will find me to be a cross Jack if you remain here any longer."

Mr. Phibbs felt like Napoleon defying the Governor of St. Helena at Antley's, and stalked away, still with folded arms, muttering,

"I believe you will discover that I know you now to be Keptin Crossjack to a most orkurd tune."

Alas for the dignity of his departure! He suddenly fancied that the toe of Captain Crossjack's right boot made an abrupt dash at him, and he, to avoid it, gave a bound forward only to come in violent collision with Jasper Olive.

Olive threw him aside with malicious spitefulness, so that he was precipitated with great force against the doorpost, which in its turn threw him off. Then, as the staircase was dangerously close to the room door, was heard a succession of crashes, as of one who, in trying to avoid a fearful fall, was dividing the distance from the top of the landing to the door mat beneath by a clattering slide, a long step, and a tremendous jump.

Jasper Olive glanced at Mrs. Alabaster and her daughter, as if with the purpose of ascertaining what effect his proposition had made upon Lucy, and how far Mrs. Alabaster considered herself successful in the execution of the mission with which he had entrusted her.

Then, for the first time, he perceived that Lucy and her mother were not alone.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Alabaster, with a gesture of thankfulness, "here is Mr. Olive; we shall be able to make matters clearer now."

"Mr. Olive?" grunted Captain Crossjack, looking at him, searchingly. "Who's Mr. Olive?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Alabaster, "this gentleman came to reside with me just before you quitted England, and he has taken, up to the present moment, the kindest possible interest in my unhappy position. Mr. Olive, the sun is beginning to shine upon me at last; Captain Crossjack has returned. This is Captain Crossjack, let me introduce you; Captain Crossjack, Mr. Jasper Olive; Mr. Jasper Olive, Captain Crossjack. Captain, shake hands with him."

Mr. Jasper Olive turned a ghastly livid hue, he staggered and clutched at the table, literally gasping for breath; the room swam

round with him, and there was a ringing sound in his ears as if he were drowning—sinking hopelessly down into the terrible depths of an unfathomable sea.

"Dear me, Mr. Olive, you are not well!" exclaimed Mrs. Alabaster, observing the extraordinary change he betrayed.

Not well? No, indeed, he was anything but well. Small pieces of knavery, especially when transacted in the ordinary run of business, and for an employer, he could perform with imperturbable coolness. The discovery that he had acted in bad faith, violated, remorselessly, promises given to imploring debtors, affected him nothing; but in the present instance he had committed robbery and forgery solely on his own account.

What tremendous effort it required on his part to assume anything approaching composure!

"I am better, now," he added, "I shall be myself again presently." Then, addressing Captain Crossjack, he said, with a smile it was painful to witness, "Captain Crossjack, permit me to welcome your return to England; it could not, for Mrs. Alabaster, have happened at a more opportune moment."

"No, indeed it could not," echoed Mrs. Alabaster, with a groan.

Captain Crossjack nodded, but rather curtly than courteously. "Figure-head like a codfish—don't like his trim—he's got a heel to leeward, I'm sure," he thought, but as yet he said nothing.

"There is so much mystery in Mrs. Alabaster's situation that it is impossible at present to make it clearly out," continued Jasper.

"It's all to windward of me," observed the captain, drily. "But let me tell you and everybody, I'll fetch up my leeway before long." Mr. Jasper Olive had no doubt of it.

He gave a short, dry cough.

"Mrs. Alabaster assures me the money raised on the bond has all been paid," he said, raising his eyes slowly beneath his eyebrows, and turning them, only for a moment, upon the captain's face.

"I'm sick of saying so," exclaimed the captain. "The next thing I have to do is to prove it, and that I will do before the turning of a glass."

"All this is very well," said the officer, suddenly and impatiently interfering; "but it is not anything to me. I want my prisoner, and I must lodge her in Whitecross street if she hasn't gone and got a habus."

"Have patience a moment," said Jasper Olive, thoughtfully. How hard his brain was working at the time!

"Oh, ha!" exclaimed the officer. "I've been patient enough I think. Time's getting on. I've other business to do, and waiting won't pay me, you know."

"But I will," said Jasper, significantly; "the lady is safe here, you are aware, and it is necessary that we should have some little time to arrange for her removal."

"Where to, the Bench?" inquired the officer.

"No, sir, to her home," cried Captain Crossjack, sharply. "You need not fatigue yourself by waiting, for before the night is over I'll 'remove' the lady to the house which is properly her residence."

The officer was not to be talked into amiability. Nothing would suit him but that Mrs. Alabaster must at once accompany him—except a sovereign, which Jasper Olive slipped into his hand, whispering to him instructions not to fail to be there again by eight o'clock that night.

Pacified by the gold, the man made a merit of acquiescence and departed; and then Jasper, affecting eagerness, said, "Now, Mrs. Alabaster, we have no time to lose. What do you suggest should be done?"

He looked sharply into her eyes, and then instantly bent his gaze on Lucy. She understood him; but she said with a firmness which surprised and by no means rendered him less anxious respecting the future:

"I place myself now, Mr. Olive, entirely in Captain Crossjack's hands. It was on his account that I have been brought into trouble; I have known him too long and too well to fear that he will suffer me to remain in my present disgraceful and degrading position one moment longer than it is possible for me to be rescued from it."

"You do me justice, Molly," exclaimed the captain, heartily. "It isn't a little that makes me strike, and I'll see you out of your trouble before you are much older. It has just struck me that my solicitors and men of business are the proper people to put this matter through rightly. I'll just run round to them; they live right here-away; I won't be more than a few minutes gone; keep up your spirits, Molly and little Looce. You shall go home to-night, and when Ned Crojick says a thing shall be done—it is done, and no mistake about it."

He looked with, as it seemed, unnecessary severity at Jasper Olive; buttoned his coat with a force which promised to burst the seams, and quitted the room at a trot.

When he was gone, a deep silence reigned for some little time. At length, with an effort, Jasper broke it.

His eyes had not been motionless if his tongue had, and he had read his fate in the faces both of the mother and the daughter.

"Am I to understand, Mrs. Alabaster, by your silence and by your altered manner, that the proposal I made to you, previous to my departure from hence this morning, is rejected?" he said in a low harsh tone.

"Mr. Olive," replied Mrs. Alabaster, gravely, "your proposition to me involved two very serious questions: first, my daughter's happiness—"

"I admit that," he interrupted, with a passionate vehemence, "it would be the whole study of my life to insure it."

She waved her hand for him to be silent and continued:

"Secondly, sir, the serious responsibility it would entail upon you for a term of years; a responsibility which, if I may judge from what I have seen, is wholly beyond your power to accomplish."

"I am the best judge, madam, of that," he interposed.

"No doubt! nevertheless," continued Mrs. Alabaster, "I do not feel that I could justify myself in extorting such a sacrifice from you. Besides, now it is not needful, and therefore—"

"Believing yourself out of danger, and able to do without me, you reject my proposition?" cried Jasper, with bitter acrimony.

"You may if you think fit, put it in any form, sir," responded Mrs. Alabaster.

"You reject it at all events, I am to understand that?" exclaimed Jasper.

"I certainly cannot entertain it at present," returned Mrs. Alabaster.

"And you, Miss Lucy," said Jasper, turning to her.

Poor Lucy shrank shudderingly to her mother's side, and put her arms round her.

Jasper understood what it meant, and he told her so.

"You will repent of this, both of you," he said, sternly; "you are not yet out of prison, Mrs. Alabaster, and it will not take a trifle to conjure you out. I have in your trouble and affliction sued to you. I have in your hour of distress made to you a most noble offer; you have spurned it. Beware! I do not undertake to accomplish an object to let it fall still-born. I warn you my time is to come."

He turned to leave the room, when he was stayed by the entrance of Captain Crossjack.

"Rather unfortunate," cried the captain, as he entered. "Blount not within, had a chat with the clerk, who said to me—"

"I think your name's Keptin Crossjack?" cried a voice immediately behind him.

The captain turned sharply, and beheld Sudias Phibbs, accompanied by a tall powerful-looking man, who stood at his elbow.

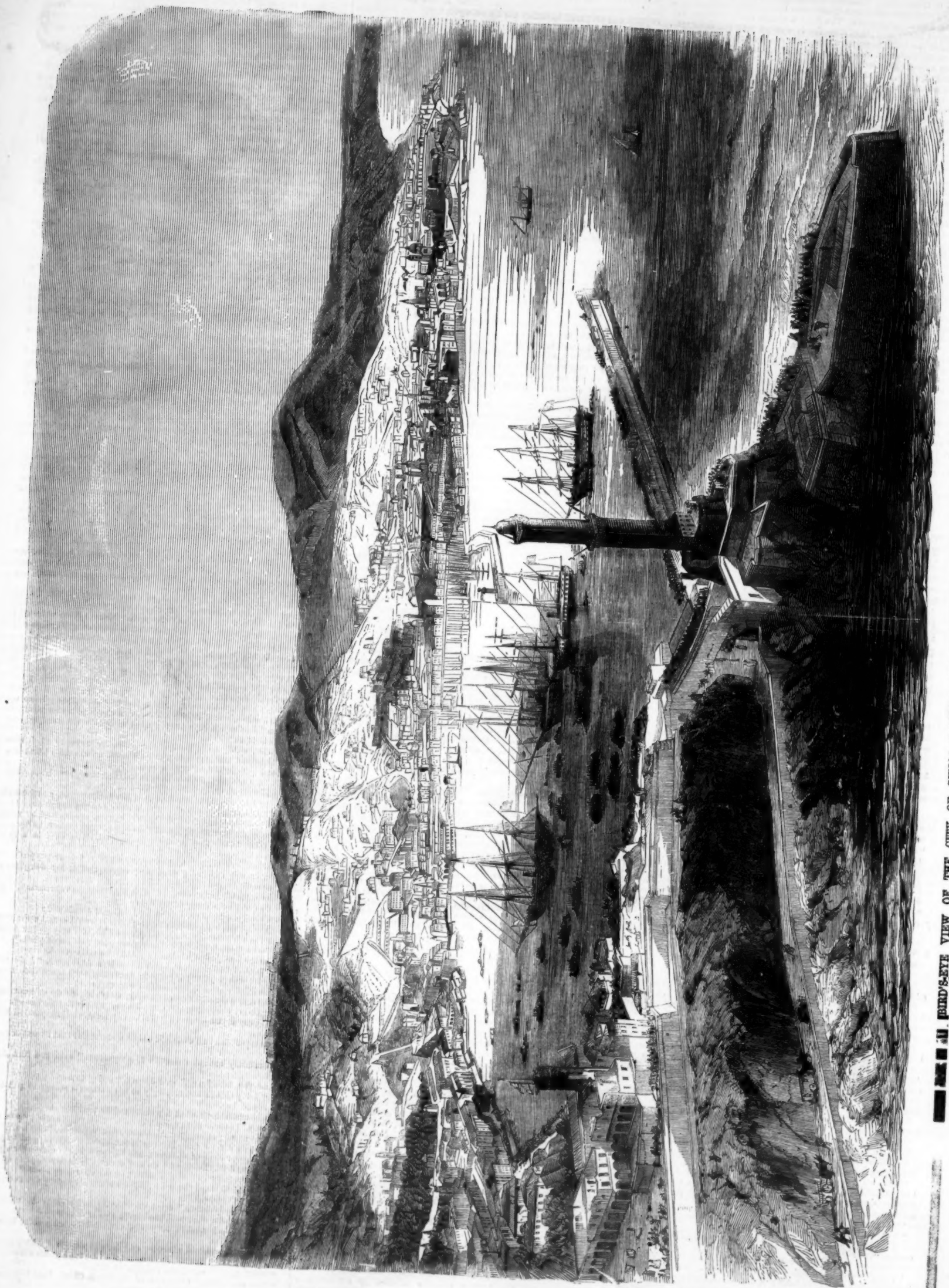
"What now?" asked the captain, sternly.

"You are Captain Crossjack of the Storm Cloud, East Indianman."

"Of course I am," cried the captain.

"Then I arrest you at the suit of one James Flight, for five thousand pounds and costs," returned the man, producing his warrant, and laying a firm hand on the captain's collar.

(To be continued.)



— ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF GENOA—LANDING OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT THE MOLE.—SEE PAGE 18.

Prizes for the New York Yacht Club Regatta, June 2d, 1859. Designed and Manufactured by Tiffany & Co., N. Y.



SILVER PUNCHBOWL—PRIZE FOR FIRST-CLASS SLOOPS.



SILVER KETTLE—PRIZE FOR THIRD-CLASS SLOOPS.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off on Thursday, the 2d instant, on as favorable a day as could well be desired, the sun shining brightly, and the breeze from the S. E. sufficiently fresh to test the seamanship of the competing crews.

The beauty of the day attracted a large number of spectators, the waters of the bay being fairly crowded with craft of every description, from the largest yacht to the smallest row-boat, as well as a number of first-class steamers, which were crowded with visitors, and it was estimated that not less than thirty thousand people were afloat to witness the race.

On land the scene was equally exciting. Every pier or wharf that commanded a view of the course, however distant, contained its crowd of spectators, who, although they might not be able to distinguish the boat, were yet anxious to be present at the exciting scene.

Nineteen boats were entered, a much smaller number than usual, and sixteen started,



SILVER SOUP TUREEN AND VEGETABLE DISHES—PRIZE FOR FIRST-CLASS SCHOONERS.



WINE COOLER—PRIZE FOR SECOND-CLASS SLOOPS.



SILVER CHAFING DISH—PRIZE FOR SECOND-CLASS SCHOONERS.

three of which did not round the Spit.

The prettiest sight of the day was exhibited by the Zing and the Silvie, which came tidily up to the Spit, the turning point for home, almost level, the Silvie being a little ahead, but the Zing having the inside. The Zing turned short, slackening her gaff in an instant as she passed, coming up before the wind just ahead of the Silvie, which had rounded close at her heels, and run up her gaff-topsail as if to regain her lost ground. The whole manoeuvre was so beautifully executed that it was greeted with extravagant demonstrations of applause.

The great point of interest was, of course, the home stake-boat, and as each yacht passed it, she was received with tumultuous cheering.

Only one accident occurred to mar the happiness of the day. A small yacht capsized near Fort Hamilton, with about half a dozen people on board, but assistance was promptly rendered by the boats near them, and as far as we can learn, the whole crew was rescued.

We subjoin a table showing

the start, the arrival, and the time taken by each boat to go over the course:

THIRD CLASS—SLOOP.				
Name.	Start.	Arrival.	Time.	
Flying Cloud.	10 26	4 11 29	5 45 50	
Ray.	10 26	4 24 25	5 58 25	
SECOND CLASS—SLOOP.				
Harwell.	10 31	3 46 52	5 15 59	
Masering.	10 31	3 49 58	5 18 58	
Plover.	10 31	3 54 27	5 23 27	
Howan.	10 31	4 08 03	5 37 03	
SECOND CLASS—SCHOONER.				
Stella.	10 38	4 21 14	5 43 16	
Dawn.	10 38	4 23 30	5 45 30	
FIRST CLASS—SLOOP.				
Deer.	10 38	4 07 37	5 29 37	
FIRST CLASS—SCHOONER.				
Zinga.	10 48	4 01 39	5 13 39	
Slvie.	10 48	4 06 33	5 18 32	
Madgie.	10 48	4 07 38	5 19 38	
Favorita.	10 48	4 16 57	5 28 57	

The Seadrift, schooner, and the Undine and Irene, sloop, all of the second class, were entered, but did not start.

From this table it will be seen that the Flying Cloud is entitled to the prize for the third-class sloop.

The Harwell takes the prize for the second-class sloop.

The Dawn, though coming in after the Stella, takes the second-class schooner prize, on account of her allowance of time.

The Deer, having no competitor, takes the first-class sloop prize.

The Madgie, though she came in next to the last of the schooners, takes the first-class schooner prize, winning on account of her allowance of time, by five seconds only.

The Flying Cloud, the Dawn and the Madgie all hail from Philadelphia, and we congratulate the Quaker City on her victory, although the fact that the best of the New York boats were not in the race may somewhat dim the glory of her success.

Description of the Prizes.

The prizes number, the present year, seven pieces, the outside schooner plate consisting of three pieces. As pieces of character they are not equal to those made by Tiffany & Co. for the Club in previous years, but in intrinsic value—which means weight of material and cost of finish—they are perceptibly superior to any yet allotted. The standard of the metal used is the proportion adopted at the British Mint, and therefore denominated sterling, a proportion suggested by the best metallurgical living, as being not only more durable than any other, but more susceptible of that perfect plain finish sought for by the more skillful artists.

The schooner prize is made up of a soup tureen and a pair of vegetable dishes. The tureen weighs sixty-five ounces, and in measurement is fifteen inches long, nine and a half inches wide, and six and a half inches high, uncovered, the cover adding an equal measurement to the affair when complete. The general design of this superb piece is adapted from the famous tureen in the collection of the insolvent Buckingham, which attracted the virtuosi to the famous sale at Sotheby's. The general effect is simple, the only ornamentation of the capacious vessel being the use of the chain and ball border around the foot, the top of the stem, the rim and the crest of the cover. The double domed cover is surmounted by an elegantly modelled recumbent statuette of a Triton blowing the buccina, or shell horn, which is so familiar to the liver of the antiquary. At each end the artist has deftly fashioned the head of a spoonbill into a convenient handle; the feathers chased in wonderful imitation of reality, and the long bills widening as they extend, being polished to the brightness of mirrors.

The vegetable dishes accompanying the tureen are of the ordinary shape, the handles movable, so as to make four separate dishes out of the pair; weight thirty-five ounces each, and in dimensions are, ten inches long, eight wide, and including cover, three and a half high. Each is surmounted by a Triton, and bordered like the main piece. The sea god is admirably worked, his distended cheeks, long matted hair, and scaly looking extremities being no less creditable to the artist's skill than to the arrangements of nautical mythology. The borders have been adapted in an equally happy mood, their twisted composition being singularly like the heavy cordage of a yacht. The value of this prize is \$500.

The first regular prize, a punch bowl, circular in form, of dimensions eleven and a half inches at the rim, and three inches at the base; though deeper for the occasion, is in general design an adaptation of the Pompeian restorations now so popular. Its handles are the common Pompeian ornaments so much admired by the curious and by antiquaries, supposed to be designed after the ancient rudder. Each handle is separated by an exquisitely modeled mask representing a fish's head. The borders are of the popular egg and dart pattern, with the exception of two rows of balls which harmonize with the antique design, but suggest the thought of appropriate surroundings of lemon to the casual observer. The weight of the bowl is fifty ounces, and its value \$175.

The second prize, a wine-cooler, after the Etruscan, comprising a vase-shaped vessel, nine inches in diameter; the rim and eight inches deep upon a base five inches in diameter; weighs fifty-six ounces, and is cheap at \$175. The only ornamentation is in the handles, which are spirited models of dolphins, and in the borders; that at the rim being a very deep and massive adaptation of the egg and tongue design, and those beneath it being the favorite egg and dart. The general effect of this piece is very fine, its plainness and purity of pattern giving it a particular favor in the eyes of the connoisseur.

The third prize is properly called a covered dish for stewing oysters, though its shape makes it available for other uses. Its weight is fifty-six ounces, and its value \$175. Its shape is circular, and it stands upon a tripod, the legs of which, designed in Moorish open work, with lion's feet extremities, enclose a lamp of three burners. The cover, double domed, and ornamented by a delicate Moorish border, has for a handle what we must regard as the most exquisite piece of workmanship in the whole affair, an elaborately natural representation of the shell known, conchologically, as the *Trochus stellatus*. The effect of this beautifully chased shell, reflected in the brilliantly plain surface of the dish, is admirable, and we cannot help suggesting to Messrs. Tiffany & Co. that a tea set, thus ornamented, would be one of the most popular designs in their large collection. The dimensions of this dish, peculiarly useful to the yachtsman, are a diameter of seven inches, and a height, inclusive of cover, of eight inches. Value \$175.

The fourth prize is a soup-kettle, on an ornate tripod, enclosing a lamp. Its weight is thirty-five ounces, and value \$125. It stands twelve inches high, and is of plain Roman design of body. The cover is ornamented by an artistic grouping of buoys and anchor, surrounded by a rope, which falls gracefully down upon its side, the whole contrasting effectively with the plain, general finish. Two borders of the egg and dart pattern, surrounding the body of the piece midway, enclose a straight-edged frieze, upon which the inscription should be engraved.

The yacht prize this year are plainer in design, and less characteristic than those which Tiffany & Co. have previously made to the Club's order; but any one can see that they contain more material than has been used in previous instances, and develop an artistic excellence which may be regarded as an improvement on former years.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1859.

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The Topics of the Week.

THE absorbing question of the week has been, of course, the war now just commenced in Italy. This is not to be wondered at, since, in addition to the exciting cause of the struggle, the chances are that our great commercial allies, England and Germany, will be drawn into the Maelstrom of blood and waste. We have on our first and second pages given a brief abstract of the proceedings of the opposing armies. Next week there can be little doubt, the terrible drama will commence. We are now merely hearing the prologue. The British elections are over. The result is about a gain of thirty members to the Derby Cabinet. As these will count sixty on a division, there is considerable chance of the present Cabinet being sustained, since the majority against them, which led to the dissolution, was only thirty-nine. It is well known they have the Queen's good wishes, and a majority in the House of Lords. From what passed at the elections, we should say the question of Reform has entirely been superseded by that of foreign affairs. We have spoken on this subject in a separate article. It must be borne in mind that, although the Derbyites have not one clear half of the House of Commons, they form a compact body, while the Liberals are split into factions, and led by several chiefs, such as Russell, Palmerston, Bright, Roebuck, &c. A well-informed London journal says:

Already there are rumors of dissension among the leaders of the Opposition as to the course to be pursued in order to oust the Ministers. Lord John, it seems, wishes Reform to be made the *cheval d' bataille*; Lord Palmerston, Foreign affairs. Lord Palmerston does not go so far as Lord John in Reform; nor does Lord John agree with Lord Palmerston's recently-expressed desire to see the Austrians driven out of Italy. Lord John thinks that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces are Austria's by treaty, and should not be taken from her by a foreign aggression.

If this should be true, the chances are that a coalition may take place between the Derby and Russell parties, since the Derby-Disraeli Ministry are very agreeable on the Reform question, and would be inclined, doubtless, to give way on Reform to strengthen their Foreign policy.

The troubles in Utah seem likely to become serious; the quarrel between the Governor and the commander of the troops is very unfortunate, more especially as Mr. Buchanan, it is said, endorses the Governor's conduct. We have always considered Governor Cummings as the most unfit man possible for that position, since he appears to be as loose as Brigham Young himself in his notions.

The Post Office.

OR all the civilising agents of our age cheap postage is one of the most important. Strange to say, that in this country, which professes to be governed by that utilitarian principle, that cornerstone of Democracy—"the greatest good of the greatest number"—it has made less progress than in sterling despoticisms. And, as though alarmed at even the trifling advance made through the exertions of Ebanes Bates and Edmund Charles, the Postmaster-General of a Democratic President, only a few months ago, actually proposed to raise the rate of postage from three cents to five! Fortunately the popular indignation made him pause in his ridiculous scheme, and his sudden death put an end to the plan altogether. It is not our intention to treat this matter educationally, but simply as one of public convenience, and the indispensable handmaiden of commerce.

Let us see, therefore, how we stand, compared with France and England: In the year 1853, France, with a population of 35,000,000, had an average of 200,000,000 letters passing through her General Post Office, or about six letters to every man, woman and child; England, with 26,000,000 of people, had 537,000,000 of letters, or equal to twenty-two letters to every inhabitant; while the United States had only 141,000,000 of letters circulated that year, being at the rate of six letters to each living being.

It is not only as a measure of civilization and commercial convenience that we recommend a thorough revision of the Post Office, but as one of revenue. The Post Office does not pay now because it is so miserably administered, because it is founded upon a false system, and does not answer the end of its existence. It is a flagrant fraud upon the public, a clumsy, uncertain method of scattering our national correspondence. To adopt a popular phrase, "It is a mockery, a delusion and a snare!"

Let us see how cheap postage has operated in England financially. In 1839 the old high-rate system was abolished in the British islands, and the first year the net revenue dropped from one and a half millions sterling, to about one-half; but the seventy-six millions of letters were tripled the first year, and quintupled the second. It is needless to go through every year serially; we will take the grand result, which is this; that in 1858 the number of letters passing through the General Post Office of London was five hundred and thirty-seven millions, and the net profit nearly three millions sterling, or fifteen millions of dollars. After such a triumphant indication of cheap postage, how is it that we do not make a similar experiment? Surely if in England they can afford to deliver a letter to a man's own door for two cents, we ought to make an effort to do the

same for three cents. But instead of that, we charge an additional two cents for actually bringing the letter from Nassau street to Union Park or Twenty-sixth street, or wherever else the direction enjoins. So that, in point of fact, all that the State does for three cents, the legal postage, is to bring your letter from Washington and dump it in an old church in Nassau street, where it might remain till the day of doom unless you choose to pay a tax of two cents to give an additional momentum to it from the aforesaid old church to the person to whom it legally belongs. Can absurdity and old foggyism go further? Is it not a complete attempt of how not to do it?

We shall say nothing about the irregularity attending the Post Office, but content ourselves on the present occasion by urging a thorough revision of our Postal System.

England's Armed Neutrality.

WE are inclined to think that England's declaration of armed neutrality merely means, that when her armaments are completed, she will enter upon the scene with her usual determination to wage war *a outrance*. It shows a great ignorance of the British policy and her position, to declare that she has no interests involved in this war. The success of the French over the Austrians would be tantamount to her own defeat. To drive the Austrians from Italy is the first step in a policy which aims directly at England. The overland route to India renders it more than ever imperative that she should maintain her supremacy upon the Mediterranean, which would be destroyed were Italy under the influence of France.

The self-preservation of Great Britain demands, that if Italy be not strong enough to stand independent, she must be anti-Gallic, and rather than permit that peninsula to be made a French territory, threatening the Mediterranean, England will again try the perils of war.

Although, ultimately, France has more to fear from Russia than England has, yet it is more than probable to carry out that favorite dream of every Frenchman, the humiliation of her rival, she would consent to hand over Turkey to the tender mercies of the Northern Bear, if she were only allowed to pursue her own game in western and southern Europe. To an aristocracy so powerful, farsighted and passionless as that of England, seconded by the wealth of the world, and aided by the great fact of their Queen's immense popularity, all these considerations will have their due weight, unalloyed by any fears of expense, revolution or failure.

Whatever may be the rashness of the Austrian Government, it never would have reached the madness of provoking a conflict without it was well assured that the eventualities of the war would reach England and Germany.

With regard to Louis Napoleon, the conduct of Austria has drawn him into a revolutionary policy dangerous to his dynasty, and one from which retreat will be almost impossible.

To be consistent he must include the nationalities of Hungary and Poland, but even if these should be beyond the pale of his sympathy, when he has restored liberty to the Italians he must face the despotism he has established at home. Already Jules Favre has sounded the key note of that inevitable *Marseillaise*, and been called to order for it in the Chamber of Representatives.

One thing is certain, that, after a long and careful survey of the whole question, Austria came to the conclusion that it was better to be driven out of her Italian Provinces by the arms of Piedmont and France, than by the diplomacy of a Congress of the great Powers; since the latter would have given the European seal to her humiliation, whereas in the former she takes the chances of involving Germany and England in the conflict as her allies; since however strong the popular sympathy of the English people may be for the vague abstract of Italian freedom, it would be counteracted by that stronger distrust of Louis Napoleon which is the natural result of a common sense view of the case, joined to that hereditary jealousy of French aggressiveness which is part of the national character. Should the war last six months, or certainly should it trench one foot upon German ground, we shall see how much stronger reason is than sentiment, and also that principles and policy rule nations, and not men, nor temporary alliances. The present complication is too elaborate even to be cut with the sword of a Louis Napoleon.

What does it Mean?

THE daily papers quietly announced that the America arrived at Halifax on the evening of May 31st, and yet they fail to give her news on the second day after, for the reason that the Nova Scotia Telegraph Company refused to forward the despatch of the Associated Press until their own report should go over the line. The result was that the news had to be sent forward to Sackville, New Brunswick, by horses. This sounds at first like an important announcement, and altogether a private matter between the Telegraph Company and the Associated Press. But, upon second thoughts, the magnitude of such a proceeding comes directly home to every man in the land. If a petty company like this can be allowed by the British authorities to hold their line at the convenience of stockjobbers and speculators, what surely have we for the future, what warranty that the same rascally game will not be played with an Atlantic telegraph, whose terminus is upon English soil? It is poor encouragement for our citizens to again embark in such an enterprise. We trust this affair of the Nova Scotia Company will not be passed over in silence. Such a principle should be killed at its birth.

Justice is Blind.

IN August, 1857, almost two years ago, a man by the name of George E. Parmalee was arrested upon a charge of stealing some six thousand dollars' worth of property. Of the guilt or innocence of this man we have nothing to say. We cannot believe with the world generally that an arrest is equivalent to guilt, though it is well known that the treatment is about the same, whether the arrested party be guilty or innocent, if he is only without money. We have therefore no argument to make about Parmalee's antecedents, though he is said to have been a respectable man until his arrest, nor yet of the question of his crime. We simply see that he was arrested almost two years ago; that he has not been arraigned, but during all this time has lain in the city prison awaiting trial, and finally on being brought before

the City Judge, is discharged on a suspension of judgment, by pleading guilty to an attempt at grand larceny, that functionary remarking that it was very doubtful whether anything could be shown against him, and certainly a conviction could not be had.

What a glorious instance of justice. Here is a man who was arrested two years since, laying in prison all that time awaiting, perhaps praying for a trial. The mere fact of his lying in prison shows that he was without money to buy bail or fee counsel. He was therefore virtually imprisoned for his poverty. Again, why has any man to lie two years awaiting trial for any minor crime? Such an imprisonment before trial can only be barely allowable in the most aggravated cases of murder, where the evidence has to be sought in foreign lands. If this man was guilty, the evidence certainly existed at the time of his arrest. Why then was he not tried, and his innocence or guilt determined. Could it be made any clearer by immuring him for two years? No! The simple facts in this case are—and we know them as well as though they were blazoned with type—that this man has been arrested, whatever pecuniary means he may have had has been taken away, and he suffered to lie rotting in his prison until justice, poking about one day on her blindfold journeys, found him, and on inquiring into the matter either found the man was guilty of no crime, or the evidence of his guilt was forgotten. Justice is blind truly, or we should ask her respectfully to look in some some day to that building from whence Parmelee was taken after his two years' incarceration, and she will see some things that shall shame the records of the Bastille.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

French Feeling of Confidence in Regard to the War—Journalistic Maintenance of this Feeling—Two Instances: the Power of the French Army, the Horrors of Austrian Oppression—An Italian Merchant Burned to Death in his Villa by the Austrian Troops—The Sign of French Vanity on the Wine-shop at Marseilles—Prompt Response to the Call for a National Subscription—Public Prayers for the Army—The Imperial Photographs—French War Correspondents—Bomba and his Eight Wet Nurses; his Approaching and Joy-inspiring Death—The Bavarian "Punch" and the King's Approval of It—Hungarians making their way to France.

PARIS, May 10th.

In the matter of this war the French people are both sanguine and sanguinary. It seems to them a self-evident proposition that a battle will necessarily be a victory. A more obstinately confident population on this head than that of Paris, I never saw. The French journals are doing everything in their power to keep up and add to this feeling. One method is to glorify to *grande nation* and the power of its army; the other to aggravate the enormities of Austrian oppression. Two instances of this work-both-ways course, occur to me so forcibly that my letter must give place to them; don't be alarmed, they are not lengthy.

First, a writer here rather noted for brilliancy than trustworthiness, says in a recent *feuilleton*. "The French army, as it is constituted to-day, is superior, not only to all other European armies, but also to all the armies of France in former times." When we consider the better maintained discipline, the ceaseless training and acknowledged skill and efficiency of the Austrian soldiers, this assertion seems in some measure open to cavil.

Second, a correspondent at Turin of the *Salut Public*, a Lyons newspaper, writes as follows. "At a little distance from Vercelli, a rich merchant of Lombardy owned a magnificent villa. When the Austrians took possession of Vercelli, they learned from public rumor that large sums of money were concealed in this country house. The proprietor was ordered to deliver up his treasure. He emphatically refused. "My life and property belong to Italy," he said, "I confess that I have money hidden here, but you will never force me to tell you where it is. Kill me if you will; I will die content in the thought that the means of finding this gold which I refuse you is known to my compatriots." The Austrians seized this unfortunate man and bound him hand and foot to the top of a table, then they made a vain search throughout the house for the concealed treasure, demolishing everything that they could not carry off, and appropriating such valuables as were portable. Abandoning the search they left the house, previously looking all the doors, and set fire to the villa. They remained outside of the house augmenting the conflagration, and singing the while a coarse, barbarian song. From time to time would be heard the agonizing cries of the doomed man within, who, struggling with all his energy against his frightful sufferings, cried out as if in defiance of his enemies, "Vive l'Italie! Vive la Liberté!" In view of the fact that we have not received any official confirmation of this report, does it not strike you as being rather a highly wrought bit of imagination than a sober chronicling of actual fact? In the humble opinion of your correspondent, the *grande satire* to accompany this story should be of very respectable dimensions.

This "confidence" game played by the French editors has its effect both upon the people and the soldiery. These latter have the most magnificent ideas of their own prowess. While a regiment of Zouaves was quartered at Marseilles prior to their embarkation for Genoa, the soldiers' favorite place of resort was a wine shop, whose attractiveness lay more in the sign displayed without than in the wine which was dispensed within. This sign represented two Austrian soldiers in a lively and warlike attitude, and opposite them a French Zouave squatted on the ground, with legs crossed, tranquilly smoking his pipe. The Austrians, whose countenances denoted astonishment at this coolness on the part of the enemy, were presenting bayonets as they asked, "Why don't you come on?"

The Frenchman's reply was conveyed in the streak of words painted at the top of the canvas: "I'm waiting till there's six of you." (!)

Peculiarly Gallic, that, I think.

The subscriptions to the national loan of five hundred millions of francs were so numerous as to even have been for a moment, at the outset, embarrassing. The people flock in from all quarters to register their names and the amount of their subscriptions. Not content with being at the receiving office at early sunrise, I have even heard that some enthusiastic individuals camp out on the ground over night; but this, like many other of the statements made in relation to the war, is open to doubt. Certain it is, however, that on the morning of the 16th the hotel of the Minister of Finance was literally besieged by the crowd which, disposed in treble file, extended around the mansion, so that the first man of the file had the last man's back as his immediate prospect. Indeed, this affluence of subscribers has been so great that the Minister has given orders for ten new offices to be opened in another part of the city, near the old barracks of the Assumption.

The Minister of Public Instruction has addressed a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Empire, requesting them, in accordance with the Emperor's desire, to order public prayers in all the churches for the protection of France and the success of its army.

The Emperor, before his departure from Paris, had photographs taken (really "imperial" ones, in this case), of himself, the Empress and the little Prince. Copies of these were presented to the members of the imperial household, and several official dignitaries were also honored with these personal souvenirs.

This Italian war will have no lack of historians, so far as French newspaper correspondents can supply that need, at least. M. Emile Augier, the Academician, who accompanies the Prince Napoleon, and the three writers appointed by the Minister of State to chronicle the campaign, cannot be included in this category. The *Século* has already secured the valuable services of M. Texier, a very able journalist; the *Messenger* is represented by M. Mathon de la Varenne, who fought at Novara in the ranks of the Sardinian army, in 1848. *Figaro*, too, has a correspondent at the theatre of war, who, if needs be, can handle a bayonet as well as a pen. M.

Amedée Achard left Paris for Italy on the 16th instant, in his capacity of correspondent to the *Journal des Debats*; and on dit that the *Moniteur* will monopolize M. Lannoy, a learned and accurate military writer, whose letters on the Crimean war are looked upon by competent authorities as works of reference.

Our amiable friend Bomba, King of all the Neapolitans, is in a very bad way. I cannot pretend to much sympathy with one who, as a French friend said to me yesterday, "on vient de régler ses comptes avec le diable."

At last accounts Bomba was no better (*laus Deo!*), and I shall be very happy in my next letter to communicate to you the gratifying intelligence of his decease. His Majesty has, by an opening made in the ceiling, recently been hoisted up from the too damp ground-floor of the Caserta Palace to the room above. It is stated that the human milk cure prescribed by a trance medium and Dr. Lanza, has been attempted despite the opposing counsels of the regular physicians, and that the royal invalid has now eight wet-nurses! If Bomba had any of the "milk of human kindness" in his veins, perhaps this female intervention would not now be necessary.

A royal interment of a comic paper is something so unusual as to deserve mention. I accordingly allow here the following item a chance for perpetration: The King of Bavaria, having requested a visit from the editor of a satirical sheet, the *Punch*, of Munich, expressed to the man of the quill the deep satisfaction that it afforded him to observe the anti-Napoleonic spirit with which his paper was conducted.

Preparatory to the grand rising which is looked for in Hungary, the people of that nation are making their way to France, probably to concert with the French movements. The other morning, four men arrived at the port of Marseilles with Austrian passports. They were informed by the authorities that these could not authorize their sojourn in France. Whereupon one of the four said, "We have taken Austrian passports because they were necessary to effect our passage here in safety, but, from the moment we stand on French ground, we repudiate this odious nationality to resume our own, that of Hungary. We shall soon be followed by a large number of our countrymen." The Hungarians were permitted to land.

You see that this all-absorbing war has filled my sheet to the exclusion of all gossip, my budget of which must lie over till next time. FRANÇOIS.

CHICAGO.

We lately published a view of Chicago, together with a short account of the city. Into this account, as we are informed by a correspondent, an error has crept, which, although not very important, should be rectified.

We say, "The city is divided into three parts by the Chicago river and its branches, which unite about three miles from Lake Michigan." Our correspondent informs us that the river forks at about one mile from the lake.

By an error the illustration was wrongly described. It should be, "View of the river towards the lake, from Wells street bridge."

Personal.

The Historical Society has resolved to select an orator who shall next winter deliver an address on Humboldt's life.

The unfortunate mother of Ira Stout is in a state of utter destitution in Rochester, and owing to the odium which attaches to her name and association with the murderers, no one is disposed to give her any aid or countenance.

CAPTAIN E. BRYNER is around again. Some one has offended his personal property by hinting about other ladies in his case. He is, of course, all fire and fury, and thus winds up: "He would not take any notice of any such contemptible libel, were it only to concern himself, but if the parties insulted choose he will be ready to punish the calumniator, either by law or personal chastisement, at their option."

ROSA, the beloved daughter of Charles Mackay, died at Naples on the 26th of February. It is said that she was one of the loveliest and most accomplished girls in England, thoroughly educated, a fine linguist, an exquisite musician, and of the rarest personal beauty. A few months ago she left home, accompanied by her mother, to realize the dream of her life—a winter in Italy. Reaching Naples, she died of gastric fever, after a few days' illness, at the age of nineteen.

We learn from the *Auburn Advertiser* that the Hon. Alfred Conkling, ex-Judge of the United States District Court and Minister to Mexico, has gone to Omaha city, Nebraska Territory, with a view of locating permanently at that place.

H. K. BROWN, the sculptor, met with a serious accident, near Columbus, S.C., last week. He was thrown from a baggy, and some of his bones broken.

The spirit of Tom Moore, speaking through the lips of a lady up town, is said to have uttered the following lines last Sunday:

The mellow light of the autumn night,
As it tinges each tree and flower,
Is as bright as the beaming light
That dwells in Love's own bower.

MRS. ROXANA UNDERWOOD was divorced from her husband, in Boston, last week. One reason given was neglect to provide properly for her support. She also proved that during the first year of their marriage they resided in nine different houses, and during the second year in eleven. The Court is said to have been of opinion that the last consideration was clearly a justifiable cause for granting the bill.

THE HANDSOME MURDERER.—Mrs. Hartung has obtained possession of her little daughter, and nothing but the death she is doomed to can sever her from the child. The little daughter had been "adopted" since the unfortunate woman's imprisonment, and the other day she caused the child to be brought to see her at the prison—merely to see her—but upon the cell door opening to admit her little offspring, she flew to it with a sort of insane joy, and held it frantically to her breast. Nothing could induce the wretched woman to surrender the child to its "adopting parent."

THE English papers report the death of Mrs. Young, a lady of high social position, under the excitement produced by receiving the joyful intelligence of the election of her nephew to the House of Commons.

A PARIS correspondent of the *Great Post* says that the Empress Eugenie, as Regent, is said to have given great cause of uneasiness by her behavior at the Council. She broke forth into an opinion of her own which astonished them all. She declared the war to be unjust and wicked, exposed her conviction that it would never come to a prosperous end; and, in the midst of sobs and exclamations betraying, by sordid appeals and passionate entreaties, immediately to cause the strife to cease, that all these ideas had been lodged in her beautiful head by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Paris, who did into a fit of mild, moist hysteria, and, sinking back in his chair, covered her face with her handkerchief and spoke no more.

ROSSINI told the following anecdote of himself recently at his house in Paris: "The Austrian, soon after the fatal attempt of Murat, at 1818, occupied Bologna. He had emigrated thither from his native village of Pesaro, in the adjoining legation, and had been at work in his new abode upon the 'Barber of Seville.' Some time before the arrival of the Austrians he had won the people's hearts by a superb national song, which was not calculated to render his further stay in the country agreeable. But to depart was now impossible, without an Austrian passport. He presented himself, therefore, at the headquarters of the Austrian commander and made his request. The officer looked at him askance. 'Your name and calling?' he asked. 'My name,' replied Rossini, 'is Isaccine, and I am a composer of music; not, however,' he added, 'like that fellow, Rossini, who writes revolutionary songs. My forte is military music; and by the way, your excellency, I have taken the liberty to compose a march in honor of the newarrison, which I humbly solicit may be honored by your excellency's band.' So saying he took a manuscript from his pocket, and, opening it at a piano which stood by, played an inspiring martial air, not, however, from the manuscript. The commander was enchanted. He summoned the band-master, and, handing him the music, ordered the march for next day's review. The composer had been dismissed, meanwhile, with passport and remuneration. The supposed new march was to be performed the following evening upon the public square. Certain well-known and spirit-stirring notes appeared to electrify the people. A mighty chorus resounded, as with one accord, throughout the city, and, to the inexpressible confusion of the commandant, his own garrison band was upholding a thousand revolutionary voices in the *Bellegarde* of Rossini. 'Luckily for my shoulders,' added the veteran composer, with a sly grimace, 'I was by that time half way to Genoa.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE Parliament elections were completed, with the following result: Liberals elected, 358; Conservatives elected, 302. This is a ministerial gain of 23. Included in the Liberals are about 60 independent members and ultra-Liberals, who will hold the balance of power.

The Queen's speech, it was expected, would not be delivered before the 10th of June.

The shipping trade was greatly agitated as to the conveyance of goods, contraband of war.

Lord Malmesbury, in reply to a special inquiry, whether the neutrality proclamation contemplated coal contraband, says that the passages in the proclamation referring to contraband goods are not intended to prohibit the

exportation of coal or any other article, but to warn Her Majesty's subjects that, if they do carry for the use of one belligerent articles which are contraband, and their property be captured by another belligerent, Her Majesty's Government will not undertake to interfere against such capture.

The eight large steamers of the European and American Company had been definitely purchased on speculation by Messrs. Lever & Howard, of Manchester.

FRANCE.

Orders have been sent to Baron Gros, French Ambassador at China, instructing him to return to France.

The French fleet has also been recalled from China.

The negotiations on the Paris Bourse were frequent, but slight. On the 20th prices fell a quarter, but rallied and closed at a fractional advance.

The King still survives at Naples. Great intrigues were on foot to procure the crown of the Two Sicilies for the Queen's oldest son.

The Liverpool Post promises to have reliable information explanatory of Austria's mysterious proceedings. It says the moment the French troops cross the Tisza, the Austrian troops will march direct on Paris. Russia will then join Austria, and the reward of what looks like treachery is to be Moldavia and Wallachia. The crossing of the Tisza will be regarded as an invasion of Austrian territory, and on that conviction Prussia and Germany will act. The Post then proceeds to show the incentives for a European league against Napoleon, and says that it is disposed to place implicit confidence in its information.

INDIA.

Tantia Topce, whose capture by the British we have recounted in another part, was tried by a court martial on the 16th of April and hanged on the 18th. This was one of those Sepoys whose cruelties to women and children in the rebellion made the world aghast with horror.

Yeh, the Chinese Mandarin, another monster of cruelty, has also died, while a prisoner in the hands of the British; he died in Calcutta. The world is all the better for the loss of such creatures.

MUSICAL.

Piccolomini's Farewell Engagement—Academy of Music.

Piccolomini, the darling of the fashionable world, the pet of the people, has really played her last engagement here, and taken leave of her countless admirers for the time being, if not for ever. Piccolomini's splendid career in America ended gloriously, for she achieved her greatest successes during her closing nights. As we stated last week, in Donizetti's opera, "Polio," Piccolomini displayed greater powers both as a vocalist and an actress than on any previous occasion. In short, she brought home to the public, and even the hired critics, the fact—which we assumed months ago—that Piccolomini possessed unqualified genius. This is now acknowledged on all sides, tardily, to be sure, but still acknowledged, and her triumph in her latest hours gives another instance of the utter worthlessness and positive unreliability of the individuals who do up the notices for the large morning papers. However, as they know nothing, we can hardly expect wisdom to come out of the mouths of—well, these ready writers.

Piccolomini had a great paying house at her benefit, and received the most gratifying evidence of the admiration and esteem of the public; she made a most little speech, which created a burst of enthusiasm, and retired amid tumultuous cheering and applause.

The matinee, which was the close of her benefit, and her last appearance upon the stage, was very much crowded, and the net results of the benefit must have been nearly six thousand dollars.

We trust that her American tour has been profitable to her, personally. A vast amount has been made through her labor, and we hope that at least a fair share of the whole will come to her. Of all her managers here, Lumley's agents included, Maurice Strakosch is the only one of whom she speaks with grateful kindness, and if ever she returns to America (which she will, we hope), it will be in association with that gentleman.

DRAMA.

The Theatrical Season of 1858-59 has about closed; its last days, or evenings rather, being made memorable by a series of well attended benefits to the various favorites of the several theatres. Among the most interesting events of the season just closing we may number the extraordinary run of "Our American Cousin," at Miss Keene's; the splendid success of that magnificent spectacle, "The Veteran," at Wallack's; and the charming performance of Miss Davenport at the Metropolitan, which, though not attracting the crowded audiences they merited, nevertheless proved conclusively that this estimable lady has no superior at present upon the stage. We should mention also Miss Keene's second success, the production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the career of which was brought to too early a close by the imperative necessity felt by the fair disstress for a season of repose, both for herself and her co-laborers. Altogether, we presume that the past season has been one of considerable pecuniary emolument to the managers, and more interesting to them than to the general theatre-goer. For our part we confess that in our memory we never knew so stupid a winter in the dramatic line. "The Cousin" on the hills at one house, and the "Veteran" at another, staring us in the face day after day, until we actually despaired of ever seeing them replaced. We hear all sorts of rumors of novelties and splendor preparing for the next campaign, but of course nothing as yet assumes a sufficiently definite shape to be chronicled; but so soon as the hot weather is over, and the various artists return from their summer seclusion, we doubt not such a programme will be disclosed as will satisfy the most inveterate amusement-seeker. Meantime these unfortunates, who like ourselves can see the green fields and great trees, watch the running brook, and listen to the lowing of cattle, only for a few short hours during the week, will be kept from their stagnation by the summer season announced at Laura Keene's, Wallack's and the Metropolitan, the former under the management of the Misses Gougenheim, the second directed by the Florinca, and the latter still controlled by that capable manager and excellent actor, Mr. Conway. Next week we shall have something further to say of one and a lot of these enterprises.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—We saw the last of the "Dream" here on Saturday night, on the occasion of Miss Minnie MacCarthy's benefit. On Monday the Misses Gougenheim (dreadfully like Hounghym, that name!) begin the summer season, and promise the can't get away a refreshing series of light pieces during the dog days.

Wallack's Theatre.—After a somewhat prolonged but most successful season, this theatre closed on Tuesday, June 7th. The principal features the past week have been the benefits of Messrs. Brougham and Walcott. It is unnecessary to state that the houses were crowded, or that these public favorites were well received. John Brougham, in his impromptu speech, exhibited all the wit and humor which the *Bulldog of Fun* gives him credit for, while Walcott was equally felicitous. The veteran Wallack (bright be all his days) retires for the summer to enjoy the cool breezes of the country, and to concoct new plans and schemes for another successful season.

Barnum's American Museum.—The "moral drama" has prevailed at the Museum during the past week, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Lamp-lighter," or, "The Blind Girl and the Orphan," &c. The Howards concluded their engagement on Saturday.

Theatre Francaise.—Modern comedies in verse we regard as the most absurd of dramatic efforts. We accordingly did not go to see Ponsard's five acts of "L'Honneur et l'Argent," though that piece was repeated on Tuesday of last week. The light vaudevilles and petite comedies presented on Thursday and Saturday are much more acceptable and welcome to the audiences of these hot June nights. Will the management please take the weather into consideration?

Tribute to our Piccolomini.—Mlle. Piccolomini's engagement with Mr. Strakosch terminated on June 24, when the fair cantatrice retired from the management a possessor of a splendid bracelet, formed of a large emerald surrounded with diamonds, and costing about \$1,000.

Piccolomini's English—Her Farewell Address.—"My Dear Friends—In this beautiful temple, where several months since, you made me one grand welcome! You so understand how happy I was always made, ever since, by the continuation of that welcome. Zealous (prolonged) glance at the first circle, so upper rows (careful look in that direction), so galleries (glances) a favorite glance towards the sky circle, but misses the pit altogether, have all testified to your welcome with much *argent* (silver), and I will always thank you from the bottom of my heart, and shall hold these contributions in as sweet memory. Zealous big cottee, zealous monster cottee, where I have travelled with ze great speed, I shall leave with regret as most sincere, and shall pray good good to bring me back to so ver soon. My dear friends: I now bid you ze adieu."

Shooting Affray in Frank Street.—Napoleon Delaplace, a French gentleman, forty-five years of age, was arrested last week for shooting Mr. Thomas Verren, son of the Rev. Dr. Verren of the French church, ex-rector of Church and Franklin streets. It appears that Mr. Delaplace has for some time past been intimate in the family of Mr. Verren, and on very friendly terms with his son, but has at times exhibited marked symptoms of insanity. On Sunday morning Mr. Verren, Jr., and Mr. Delaplace attended church. While returning Delaplace asked his companion to walk with him in Broadway, but the latter declined, giving as a reason that his dinner would soon be ready. He then invited Mr. Delaplace to dine with him, but he excused himself and instantly drew from his pocket a revolver and fired at his friend Verren.

The ball entered the right chest, passed through the tongue and escaped at the mouth. At the suddenness of the act, Mr. Verren was horror-struck, and before he could regain his composure Delaplace again fired at him, the ball passing through his clothes at the left shoulder and grazing the skin, passed out and lodged in a window blind across the street. The Fifth Ward police were soon on the spot and arrested Delaplace, who had made no effort to escape. Mr. Verren was conducted to the residence of his father, at No. 99 Franklin street, and near the place where he was injured. His face and tongue are much swollen, but his life is not considered in danger. Delaplace was taken before Justice Bronson and committed for examination. The question of his sanity will be a proper subject for a jury of physicians to pass upon.

DR. HENRY ABBOTT.

THERE are thousands in all parts of the world who will have read the intelligence of the death of this estimable man with real regret. It occurred at Kafir-el-Aish, Egypt, on the 30th of March, of a bronchial affection, to which place he had just returned after attending at the deathbed of his brother, Dr. George Abbott, our Consul at Alexandria. To those who have enjoyed the personal knowledge of Dr. Abbott we can say nothing, their true feeling at the intelligence serves as the best eulogium of the many good traits of this warm-hearted gentleman; to the public at large we will speak of him as an honest man, an unselfish friend, and as an enthusiastic antiquary, who has given to the American people an opportunity to advance themselves in the love of the past, such as they have never before enjoyed.

Dr. Abbott, about thirty years since, entered the service of Mohammed Ali, as a surgeon, afterwards he became a resident of Cairo, and married an Armenian lady, by whom he has several children living. Although an Englishman by birth, his connections are almost entirely in this country, one sister being married to Mr. Stewart Brown, of the firm of Brown Brothers & Co., the well-known bankers, and a brother, Mr. Edward Abbott, residing in this city. During his thirty years' residence in Egypt, Dr. Abbott had better opportunities for the collecting of its antiquities than perhaps any other private individual living; these opportunities he did not a low to pass him, and the results are shown in the Egyptian collection now lying at the Stuyvesant Institute in this city.

This collection, which has been endorsed by the greatest of living savans, the most prominent of whom, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, has frequently expressed himself in the most powerful manner as to its great value and perfect uniqueness, was brought to this country several years ago, at the solicitation of the late Bishop Wainwright and many other eminent men, who did not doubt the entire feasibility of raising the amount necessary for its purchase, either by government aid or by private subscription. It was Dr. Abbott's special wish that it should come to this country, and with that end in view he overlooked all offers emanating from England, and with great difficulty and expense, landed it in New York. This will be better understood when it is told that the Egyptian Government has for many years prevented the antiquities of the country being carried away by any of those routes generally pursued by travellers and tourists, who had been in the habit of mutilating everything upon which they could lay their hands, for mementos of their travel. To evade this restriction, Dr. Abbott was obliged to transport these, in many cases fragile articles, weighing in the aggregate over thirty tons, by the Suez route; every one familiar with Egyptian travel will understand at once this difficulty.

When the collection arrived here, for the purpose of enlisting public interest it was opened as an exhibition, and an attempt made to raise the necessary sum—sixty thousand dollars—for its purchase. Of this sum twenty-six thousand dollars were realized in a few months; after which the project flagged, and the matter remained unsettled. Dr. Abbott returning to Egypt, and the collection still



THE LATE DR. HENRY ABBOTT.

bodies of its owners; and we have their gods, from the Sacred Bull Apis, who represented the soul of Osiris in their creed, and whose death was mourned with national marks, and whose interment occurred with the most expensive ceremonies, to the household god of the poorest of the populace. We have the toilet articles and clothing of one of the fair belles of Thebes, and Sakkarah, lying beside her lace-covered skull and kid-covered feet. We have the dolls and toys of the children, the slates and pens of their schools, the games of the people, the implements of their husbandry, and the minutest articles used in their daily routine. There is a necklace worn by Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, who reigned 2750 B.C. or 4600 years ago! There is the gold signet ring of Shoofoo, who reigned 2325 years B.C., the emblem of the power of a great monarch, who passed away over forty centuries ago. There are statues and bronzes, gold, silver and precious stones, papyri telling the history of men who

Walked about, how strange a story,
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago.

And the thousand unnameable articles that bring the beholder in a moment back to the days of Abraham, and serve as so many endorsements for the truth of Biblical lore.

We trust that this collection will not be allowed to pass away from us; if it does, it will be to our shame as a people. Let it become a national tribute to the memory of the man who spent a

lifetime in its creation, and sacrificed so much that we might have it—Dr. Henry Abbott.

Our portrait was engraved from a photograph taken of the doctor in his Oriental costume, which of course was his usual garment, though during his stay in New York he adopted the European dress, much to his discomfort. It will be recognized as a perfect likeness.

A STORY THAT WAS TOLD ME.

By John W. Watson.

It was a tenement house, and I had taken a strange interest in it. Every day as I passed up and down to and from my business (I am book-keeper for Messrs. Brake, Byapp & Co.), I would look at that house. I make no doubt there have been thousands who have looked upon it as well as myself, but possibly not with that conceived curiosity, or with that inveterate longing for so many years.

There were some things about this house which I already knew. I knew, because I remembered, that the house had been altered. When as a boy I would stretch my walks away out of town as far as this spot, I would see it standing in a wilderness of gardens, with a good number of old trees growing up about it, and the green grass stretching away for a long distance behind. The house, was then a two story and attic, with dormer windows; painted of a dark yellow, it was then. Now it has been built up two stories more,

it is a tall building, with a flat roof, and its color is red, a dusky, solemn red. And the trees? They are all gone long enough ago. And the fields and the gardens? The houses that now stand upon them are in their turn getting old. It is no such short time ago, as I am considering the matter. I believe it must be nigh on to forty years since I first saw that house, and then for a long, long time I had lost sight of it, and when I did see it again there was scarce anything to aid in identification.

When in the dusk of the summer evenings I come up from the office, I see sitting upon the walk, just beside the door, in an arm-chair, a chair that I had always concluded was a part of the furniture of the house in its good days, an old man; he is quite an old man near eighty I should say, though he has a hearty look, and pulls away at his pipe with a decided vigor. The old man and I have been so long accustomed to each other that we always nod, though up to last evening we had never spoken. Many times I had determined, after taking my cup of tea, to make an evening walk down that way, and see if he knew anything of the house in the old days, but something had always prevented.

Last night, however, I walked down to the house, and, as I suspected, Jasper Greene, which is the old man's name, does know all about it. He is a wonderfully intelligent old man, and has excellent tobacco, though I cannot tolerate a clay pipe. I shall go down again and see Greene, and take my own pipe along. I must confess to a liking for the conversation of men who do not give way to the frivolity of the present age.

As I said before, I walked down last evening after tea, determined to



LIEUTENANT JAMES H. GILLIS, U. S. N., WHO RESCUED THE SPANISH SAILORS IN THE HARBOR OF MONTEVIDEO.—SEE PAGE 29.

remaining open to public inspection, where the original sum for which it was offered has been gradually eating itself up in the expenses of exhibition, within the past few months the Historical Society, with a commendable zeal, have taken the matter in hand, and propose to raise the balance of the money, and place the collection in their building in Second avenue. The consummation of this movement must necessarily be hastened by the doctor's death, and the consequent necessity of settling his estate. We trust that the Historical Society will not allow the matter to sleep, or this collection to pass away from us into English hands, who are ready to give the sum demanded at any moment. When acquired, it will stand a perpetual monument to the liberality of this noble institution, and be a property that could never be duplicated at any outlay. Its cost to Dr. Abbott was somewhat over one hundred thousand dollars, to say nothing of the day having gone by when any large collection whatever can be made. Its inspection will do more in one hour to familiarize the minds of people with that great past, to make them realize the unchangeableness of human nature, and cause them to feel the utter insignificance of human wisdom, than a lifetime in the study of books. Here we have the household furniture of a people, passed away three thousand years ago, beside the mummified



[MARSHAL RANDON, THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.—SEE PAGE 30.]



A STORY THAT WAS TOLD MR.—“What do you want here?” he almost shrieked.

ask the old man if his memory extended back to the time when that house stood in the midst of gardens and fields. With this in view when I arrived where he was sitting, I said, “Good evening,” and he said in quite a pleasant way, “The same to you, sir,” and up he jumped as spry as a cat, and offered the chair on which he was sitting. This was a little too much politeness to a man at least thirty years his junior—well, twenty years any way. And therefore I refused, and told him I should stand. This did not suit the old man, but he must go into the house, first door on the left off the hall, and bring out another chair and a pipe and tobacco; the last it was my intention to have gently refused, only the old man told me he got it direct from Havana (I am rather particular in my smoking), where he had friends; and on trying it, I commended the judgment of his friends highly.

Did he remember that house when it stood in the midst of the gardens and fields?

If he did not, who should? He remembered that house for fifty-five years, or more. It was part of the Spence property. Gavan Spence built that house in the year seventeen hundred, and—let me see—well, well, it is no matter, Gavan Spence was sixty years old when he built that house, and the house was now eighty-five years old, and Gavan Spence if he had lived would now be just one hundred and forty-five years old; but it isn't likely he would have lived even if he hadn't had any trouble to shorten his life. Poor man! he died at eighty-eight. It was trouble killed him. No doubt it was so. He had a bad son, sir! a bad son.

This was the way the old man opened his memory concerning the house. I found he was not very accurate on dates and figures, but his heart was with it, and I give the “story that was told me.”

“When I first came into the Spence family,” said the old man, “it consisted of Mr. Gavan Spence, Madame, the old lady, Mr. Walter Spence, their son, and Miss Emmeline, a sweet, pretty creature, ten years old, the daughter of Mr. Walter by a Cuban lady, who died at her birth. At this time Mr. Walter was still a young man; thirty-five would have covered all his years, though he looked older, through dissipation, and much of that under a southern climate, as the family owned tobacco estates in Cuba, and spent most of their time in that island.

I entered the service of that family as gardener, and the very gardens in the midst of which this house stood were attended by myself. It was very little I saw of the old gentleman, or of Mr. Walter Spence; but with Mrs. Emmeline, or Madame as she was called in the house (for the little girl was named after her grandmother), I had long consultations. She had very good taste, and I took great pleasure in following out her ideas in the flowers and shrubbery. She never came alone into the gardens, always she was accompanied by the little Emmeline; and as the child was really beautiful, and as good as she was pretty, of course I soon got to love her exceedingly. Now, if you really love one part of a family very much, you cannot really dislike the other part, unless they have done something specially to make you dislike them. My love, therefore, for Miss Emmeline made me look with great charity upon all the failings of her father, though to tell the truth it was wonderful hard to do so, for if ever there was a man who could do quiet, devilish acts, that man was Walter Spence. He had a way of saying things that I knew must cut the hearts of his father and mother, and saying them with such a matter of course, off-hand manner, that a stranger standing by would think he was talking of the most ordinary affair in the world. For a long time I wondered at this, knowing that Mr. Gavan Spence was very wealthy, and Mr. Walter had very little, and that only the remnant of his wife's fortune which he had not entirely got rid of; but afterward I learned that a large part of Mr. Gavan Spence's wealth was inherited from his father, with the proviso that it was to descend after Mr. Gavan's death to Mr. Walter. No wonder, therefore, that the son was impatient of the father's holding on so long, even though he got the greater part of his income, which I really believe was the case.

They were a very unhappy family, all made so, as I am confident, by the ways of Mr. Walter and the sort of company he kept. Even the little Miss Emmeline was sad far beyond her years. The old lady would often leave her when she would get her walk through the grounds, and Miss Emmeline would seat herself outside a little arbor, a favorite spot, and I would bring her flowers, which she would braid in every conceivable way, sitting very quiet all the while, never speaking, but when she would ask me some question of a flower she held in her hand.

I think the father loved his child, though he had a strange way of showing it. I don't remember ever hearing him speak to her in a kind, childish way. As to playing with her, that was entirely out of the question. If he spoke, it was to catechise her as to what she had been doing, or about what her grandmother had said or done in his absence, or something that was calculated to make the child deceitful or false. I could not talk much myself with the little Emmeline, in fact I did not often attempt it, as the little lady had a way, whenever I would say anything to her, of bringing out some remark or question that would at once overthrow all my preconceived notions of a child, and make me believe I ought to talk and act as though she were at least thirty years of age.

In those days, though I was not a servant—that is, not being included in that capacity, when speaking of those who served in the house, and being rather looked up to by them, from the fact of my living separate in a little cottage by myself, and having an old woman who kept house for me—yet I liked very much to spend my evenings in the servant's room, whereby I was made the repository of much pleasant news and all the gossip that was going. It was through this medium I got much of my information regarding the Spence family, and it was also through this medium I got my wife, who was Miss Emmeline's maid, if I may so call her, though goodness would be a more suitable title. And a nice, likely girl she was too, English by birth, and for thirty-one years as good a wife as ever breathed, which is neither here nor there just now.

I would go into the servants' room of an evening when I had nothing else to do, and there I would hear all that was going on; and strange it is how servants manage to attain all they do, for even through all the gossip and embellishment there is sure to run a vein of truth from which a quiet listener can draw all the story, though how or from whence they obtain it is the great mystery. Well, from this gossip I not only got all the past history of the family, but each event as it transpired, and the last rumor—a rumor that reached a certainty—was, that Mr. Walter Spence was about to marry a new wife, a Miss Cicily Grey, very young she was and very pretty. Perkins, the coachman, had seen her several times, and so had Esther Forbes (afterwards my wife), and they both agreed in saying that she was a very sweet-spoken young lady, and deserved a much better fate than being linked to Mr. Walter Spence, for not one person in all that house liked him. How could they?

Many and many a time after this, while handling the spade or hoe, or attending to my work through the grounds, would the form of that little woman he was about to marry rise up before me, though not at all like what she afterwards proved; for I, like all the rest of the world, fell into the error that if she was gentle and quiet she must of necessity have blue eyes and flaxen hair, whereas practice teaches us that as mild and amiable tempers are hidden under the dark eyes and hair as under the blue and flaxen. And so it proved with Miss Cicily Grey, when at last I did see her dark hazel eyes and brown hair, curling in natural ringlets all around her head and down her beautiful white neck; she was indeed very lovely, and I fancied, would have been very lively also, but for the sad fate that hung over her—of being married to a man twice her age, whom she did not love, and against her will. For so gossip said; and for this time, I think, gossip was right.

Among the servants the story went, that Miss Cicily's father was poor, stern and proud, and that Miss Cicily Grey was to be sacrificed to his will, though it was well known that she very much loved one George Bryce, an adopted son of her aunt, whom she called “cousin,” who as earnestly loved Miss Cicily, and for her sake was working hard to make his way up in business, that he might ask her at the hands of her father. As Miss Cicily Grey was only sixteen, and there was still plenty of time, this matter was all looked on by Mr. Grey as an affair in which he had little concern, until the appearance and proposals of Mr. Walter Spence, when the mere mention of Bryce's name became high treason.

I soon had an opportunity of seeing Miss Cicily Grey. She came one day to the house, brought, as I believe, by the old lady, and Madame, Miss Cicily and Miss Emmeline visited the garden. A darling little thing she was, and I loved her from the first moment. She looked very little older than Miss Emmeline, and I noticed they two seemed to keep much together, walking up and down the paths with their arms about each other's waists, but never laughing and romping as other children would do. For what was she but a child?

I thought sorrowfully always after that of the two little dark-eyed girls who had walked in the garden that day, and I would have given all I hoped for in the next five year if I could have done anything to prevent that marriage, and bring happiness, or at least content, to that pair. But what could I do?

The days went away very fast that intervened between the wedding-day. There was to be no great party on the day of the marriage, but they were to be united in church, and immediately depart for Niagara and the Lakes. After their return the house was to be the scene of a great party and reception; for the Greys, as I understood, lived very poor, and Mr. Walter was not anxious to invite all his great friends to see the poverty of his wife's relatives, even though she was very pretty and very good.

On the day they were married I went to the church, as did all who could get away from their duties at the house, and saw the joining of those hands. It was Mr. Walter's request that no bridesmaids or groomsmen should officiate, the only ones, therefore, that stood near the altar besides that couple were the father of the bride and the daughter of the groom. How white she looked, there was not a morsel of red about her, not even the lips—nothing to relieve that ghastly white but the brown braided hair and those two beautiful eyes, glowing like coals under the bellows of a forge. I took my seat in one of the galleries; all the other spectators, save one, were in the body of the church. This one sat near me, but shrouded, whether intentionally or not it was impossible to tell, behind the curtains that were hung about the organ to enclose the choir. He was a slight built young man, about twenty, with blue eyes and light hair. Somehow my attention was so drawn toward him that I found some difficulty in following the ceremony below; he would stretch forward occasionally, as though his eyesight were defective, and he was peering through some darkness, and then drawing suddenly back he would lean his head upon his hand and half moan. At last came the words, “I do pronounce you man and wife,” and then he dropped the head upon both hands, and groaned aloud. I was sure that the young man was “Cousin George,” and my very heart ached. But what could I do for the poor fellow? He went out of church before the crowd, and I followed him some distance, for I took it into my head that he was not fit to be alone; there was a wild way about him I did not like. I left him though soon, as he turned suddenly and saw me following him, and I saw no more of “Cousin George” for some months.

The newly-married couple had gone away upon their wedding tour, accompanied by Miss Emmeline, much against her father's inclination, as I heard, but by Miss, now Mrs. Cicily's strongly expressed desire. In a few weeks they returned, and a round of parties and festivities filled up the time. Then I used to see Mrs. Cicily and Miss Emmeline every day in the garden—they came even when the weather was too cold to make garden walking very pleasant; and so much they seemed to love each other; they would walk up and down the paths with their arms about each other's waists, talking in a low tone, and sometimes, as I could see by the eyes, crying in the

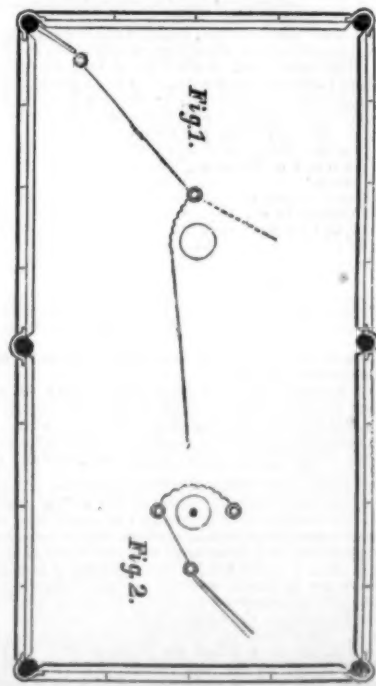
same way. Once I passed near them, on the other side of some shrubbery, and saw Miss Emmeline kissing a bruised spot upon Mrs. Cicily's arm, while the tears flooded both their eyes. Something then flashed over me that the bruise came from the hand of her husband, but I dismissed the idea as impossible; no man could be so brutal as to strike a child-wife like that, much less after only being three months married.

One day I was dreadfully startled, though I could not tell at the time why, by the appearance of cousin George, accompanying Mrs. Cicily and Miss Emmeline in their walk in the garden. I had not seen him since the day of the wedding, and this day when they came in the garden they all looked much happier than I had ever seen them look before. He recognised me from that day in the church, and without my making any advance to him came up to where I was standing and shook hands with me. I think in his own mind he knew I felt very much for him, or he would not have done so strange a thing. Perhaps it may have only been a spontaneous act arising from his joy at being once more in the company of his cousin, but I think there was something else in it. I could not help that day looking upon that young pair, if I may so call them, and thinking how much better it would have been that they should have been wedded than those who were. And yet I felt an uneasy sensation at seeing those two together. Almost all day he accompanied them to the garden, and their stay was much longer than it had ever been before. Sometimes Miss Emmeline would stray away from her mother (how odd that word sounds when so applied) and cousin George, at which times they would seat themselves in one of the summer houses about the place. All this made me very unhappy, not alone for what I saw myself, but that I found the same matter was being discussed among the servants, and the attentions of cousin George made a subject of gossip that I did not like. I was not an old man then myself; if I had been I should have felt it my duty to have spoken to both those young things, and caution them of the terrible volcano on which they stood. I thought of it for a long time, and then I remembered that I was but very young myself and only looked upon as an inferior, and the result most likely would be that I should bring both their dislikes upon me without doing any good. And under these circumstances I fretted and fidgeted about it and said nothing.

About this time a new trouble sprang upon our house, and was very freely canvassed everywhere. Mr. Walter, who, patience knows, was bad enough at any time, became twenty times worse from touches of insanity. When under these fits no one dared approach him but his mother, and even the old lady he had been known to strike. At these times he would sit for days in the library brooding and talking to himself, occasionally breaking out into those floods of passion, reproach and violence. On several occasions it became necessary for the old lady to send to me for assistance, that he might be restrained from destroying everything on which he laid his hands. I was a stalwart man in those days, and oftentimes I have had to catch that crazy man about the arms and so hold him until he would promise to be quiet and cease to alarm the whole house, and I promise you I did not hold him lightly when I did get my arms about him, crazy or not. I knew that kind of thing could not last for ever, and in my own mind I much blamed his mother that she did not settle it at once by putting him in the lunatic asylum. It was my belief, however, and is to the present day, that she would have done so, had it not been for the intervention of that young wife, as I do not believe there was any large quantity of affection in the old lady for her son.

Sometime as I would hear, for I was never present at the first coming of them, these paroxysms would come on after interviews that occurred between him and Mrs. Cicily, interviews brought about by a summons from him sent through a servant for Mrs. Cicily to attend him in the library. The servant who would take these messages would say that as soon as Mrs. Cicily heard such a summons she would turn pale as death, and an expression of terror would set in her face. Others of the servants declared that while the baby wife was closeted in that room with her husband suppressed screams would be heard, answered with muttered curses, and then the door would be opened and she would be thrust out. When I heard this I thought possibly that Walter Spence had made some discovery regarding the attentions of cousin George, and that these reproaches and violence arose from this source; but as I saw no attempt made to prevent the young man coming to the house or meeting Mrs. Cicily, I concluded my surmises were wrong. They still walked the garden, but a great gravity had settled upon his face, and a greater sadness, if such a thing could be, upon her face. She grew paler and paler every day, and I felt sure that many months more of such life she was not to bear. They talked much about her among the servants, and the whispered conclusion was that it would perhaps be well for the young creature, if she should forget her marriage vows, and turn away her face from such a dreadful home with her cousin George. It was shameful reasoning, but how could the poor things help it, they all loved her as much as I did myself, and they would rather know that she was living in shame than in such a living grave as was created for her by Walter Spence.

One morning, I shall never forget though I may be spared yet to live for a century, Esther Forbes came running down the middle walk very early in the morning; I remember I was trenching up celery that morning, it was remarkable fine celery. She came running down the middle walk screaming like mad, her face as pale as a ghost. I dropped my spade and ran toward her, but for my life I



OUR BILLIARD LEMON—FORMING CURVES BY A FOLLOW AND A FORCE—SEE PAGE 80.

could not distinguish anything she had to say. I could only know that she pointed to the house and started back, and I knew it was there I was wanted. So away I went, thinking all the time it was Mr. Walter Spence in another of his tantrums, and debating as I ran whether it would be justifiable when next I had to hold him, that I should squeeze him sufficiently tight to stop all such outbreaks for the future. I hadn't much time to think on the subject, but following my guide she led me direct to the library, the very spot to which I had so often been summoned before. I dashed into the room, and unheeding the motions and words of Esther, I looked around for Mr. Walter. It was only a glance, he was not there, and then following the direction of Esther's eyes, I cast mine to the opposite wall. Oh! the sickening sight! More than half a century has passed me since then, but the horror and paralysis of that sight will endure for ever. There, upon the wall, bare-footed and in her night-dress, with her long brown hair in masses over her face, arms and neck, hung Mrs. Cicily Spence; from a hook in the wall, from which a picture had been taken for the purpose, a cord was suspended, and the beautiful child, with her feet just above the floor, hung dead and stiff. I did not take many seconds to know this, though the sight for a moment struck me with such terror that all power seemed to have passed away, but with a mighty effort I sprang to the spot, and with my pruning knife—which I always carried ready in my belt while working in the garden—I cut the cord and caught the cold corpse in my arms. On the library table I laid it, and threw back from the face the hair that covered it. A glance told me that any effort to bring back life would be useless. Esther Forbes, when once she saw the body lying on the table, fled away to alarm the house, no one had yet risen of the family; but before I had scarce chance to compose the clothes and draw the cloth of the table over the white feet, they were about the body. Mr. Walter Spence was the last to come down, and when he did, he was entirely dressed. I know how unpleasantly this struck me when I saw that he should quietly have put on his clothes, almost with the care he would have bestowed on any ordinary occasion, when called to his dead wife. All the others were as they had sprang from their beds, only covered beside with a shawl or dressing-gown. It was a dreadful scene; the terrible moans of that old man, Mr. Gavan Spence—he had loved her, they told me very dearly—the sobs and cries of madame; it is far worse to hear an old person cry than a young one. The deathly chilling way the little Emmeline pressed the dead hand to her bosom and kissed the white lips. She did not cry; the shock was too sudden; she had not yet found tears, and I feared as I looked at her, that her mind would be gone before that relief came. Of all that stood about the dead girl not one looked on so strangely cold as Mr. Walter Spence. How I hated the man for it. It seemed to me that if it were but to see all others cry, he might have shown some semblance of softening. I shall not linger over this scene. Mr. Gavan Spence came down stairs alone, but we were obliged to carry him up, and that day two weeks we carried him down again and laid him away carefully in the family vault beside all the Spences, where, thank heaven, the little dead girl that lay upon the library table was not put. Where it was I do not know, but somewhere away in the country she was borne to lie by the side of her mother.

You cannot stop servants' tongues, and though the coroner, on account of the respectability of the family, backed of course by a proper warrant in the shape of a doctor, failed to publish the death, and as a mere matter of form summoned his jury and entered a verdict of "Suicide by Hanging," yet it crept out and was talked of about, that Mr. Walter Spence had, by his ill-treatment, driven his beautiful young wife to self-destruction, and society in those days did not look so leniently on crime as they have since learned to; therefore Mr. Walter Spence, I doubt not, had an uncomfortable time, and I was not in the slightest degree surprised to hear that it was the intention of the family to leave New York soon for their Cuban estates, Miss Emmeline's failing health requiring a warmer climate.

Here I might have lost sight of the Spence family but for a circumstance. In breaking up their household it was the intention to discharge all the servants excepting Esther Forbes, who had been with the family since the birth of Miss Emmeline; she alone was to accompany them to Havana, where she had been before. This was the intention of madame, but fate disposed things otherwise. The truth was, Esther and I had been for the last year engaged, and we felt that no time was so proper as that to carry out our long intention. This, of course, interfered with the programme, but did not alter it, only inasmuch as bringing about an offer from Mr. Walter Spence to take an ownership on his tobacco estate. I didn't know much about such things, but under the advice of Esther I concluded to accept, and we were married, and in ten days after sailing away for our new home, we came into Havana in the month of July, and the people who were not acclimated were dying off fast with the fever. I didn't like this much, especially as nothing had been said to me of it in the agreement, but as they said, all that must be done was to get away as quick as possible into the country, and I should be safe. We did accordingly get away into the country, and arrived in due course at the estate, and were received by half a hundred shiny, grinning negroes, my future flock.

The next morning it was announced that the master was sick, and before night that he had the yellow fever; the following day he was very bad and raving. I was rather afraid of this fever, but when in the latter part of the day they came and told me that he could not live, and was fast settling into that state that precedes death, I determined to go in and see him, even though my so doing should make me a fever patient. They all said no, to me, but I said yes, and I went.

He raised himself in the bed as I entered, his eyes glaring with a snaky brilliancy I had never before seen, and stared steadily at me for a minute.

"What do you want here?" he almost shrieked.

"I thought it my duty, Mr. Spence," I answered, "to come in and see you."

"You lie!" he screamed, "you came to tell me that you know me as her murderer."

"Hush!" I said, for the doors stood all open, and the family and many of the negroes were within hearing.

"I will not hush," he screamed, louder than before, "you have known it always, and now you come here to call me to a repentance because you think I am dying. I did kill her, but I do not repent."

I had reached his bedside and placed my hand gently against his breast, meaning for him to lie down; he struck it away fiercely.

"Don't come preaching to me, I am willing that all the world should know it. She was false, she dishonored me." I sprang to the door, and closed them, for I knew his mother and daughter were within the sound of his voice, "and I hanged her, yes, I—

with my own hands."

How my blood shivered cold through my veins on that hot July day. He sat upright in the bed. "I tried her, I convicted her. She was guilty, and I led her from the bed where she slept, and with my own hands I hanged her. Fool, guilty fool that she was, she dared not even cry aloud. She was as passive in my hands as a cur that has been detected in theft."

For some moments I was too horrified to speak, but when I found my tongue, with a vehemence that I think must have equalled his own, and a glare of the eye under which I saw his cowardly soul fail, I said,

"It is a base lie, you vile wretch, to defend a murderous, cowardly act. I know she was not guilty."

"Prove it," he answered, "and I will make you rich for life."

"Keep your wealth," I said, "for those who would accept it at your hands; I know that your wife was guiltless, even of the thought of dishonor, and your punishment shall be to leave the world without the proof, and go before your God for his judgment on your villainy and cowardice."

Even while I listened to his declaration I could not believe that it was true. Since that dreadful morning something had always haunted me, that the poor dead girl whom I cut down from the wall, had not placed herself there, but I dared not even whisper to myself any other supposition, and even now, with the words of that dying wretch in my ears, I could not believe anything so horrible. He would not leave me in doubt, however; he had dropped exhausted on his pillow, but beckoned me to approach nearer the bed, from which I had withdrawn in the horror of his communication.

"Is it true," he whispered, hoarsely; "is it true, was she not guilty? I felt it, I knew it, I had no evidence of it, but I hanged her, though she denied to the last. I offered her life if she would confess, and she died without resistance. Oh! I have been a bad man; oh! God forgive me."

"God has no mercy," I answered, "for such wretches as you."

And that man lying there before me dying, had he a thousand lives, they could not at that moment have appeared my intense hatred, or in my heart have atoned for his terrible sin. I knew that beautiful child-wife was innocent. I knew it instinctively, and he knew it as well. To his base and guilty heart he had sacrificed her, even while that heart, base as it was, told him she was guiltless. How I stood in the presence of that man without helping death in his work, I do not know. Had I not been sure that a few moments would end his earthly time, perhaps I should have helped. I thank God, that even as I stood watching him, the film gathered on his eyes, and less than half an hour from the time of my entering the room, I threw open the doors and announced his death.

How could there be any real sorrow felt for such a man, even though his passing away should leave one childless and the other an orphan?

By the blessing of God, I escaped the fever during all the time I was in Cuba, being seven years and a half. At the end of which time, madame, on behalf of Miss Emmeline, who was sole heiress, disposed of the tobacco estates and returned to New York, but not to the old house. And now comes the strangest part of all—the compensation, as I think, of God.

Miss Emmeline became the wife of George Bryce. He was now a prosperous man in business, a good man he always had been, and she was a fine girl of twenty. They met, and loved, and in good time married. God bless me, they are all dead long ago; but for the memory of old times, the children give me the freedom of the house and half the rent for my care. I am very comfortable, thank ye. God bless me, how time goes on!

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

OUR BILLIARD LESSON—CURVES FORMED BY THE FOLLOW AND THE FORCE.

The stroke which is given in figure 1 of the accompanying diagram for the student's practice, consists in placing a ball upon each spot, making one of them with a hat, plate or spherical surface, and carom upon them by means of a follow, the cue ball transcribing a curve around the hat, or other object, which occupies the position of the circle in the diagram. Strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{2}$ in. with Q.P. 3, the object ball to be hit $\frac{1}{2}$ in., so that it will take the direction of the dotted line.

The stroke represented by the second figure is to effect a carom by a force, the cue ball describing a curve around a ball occupying the position of the second circle. Strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{2}$ in. with Q.P. 3, and the object ball $\frac{1}{2}$ in. In effecting this stroke the bridge and cue must be somewhat elevated, in order to give a slight hop to the cue ball.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

PROBABILITY OF A MATCH BETWEEN PHELAN AND ROBERTS.—A gentleman from Liverpool lately waited on Mr. Phelan, and, representing himself as commissioned by Mr. Roberts, the celebrated English billiard player, to inquire what game Mr. Phelan desired to play, the size of the table to be used in the event of a contest, and other preliminaries. He would, he said, communicate Mr. Phelan's propositions to Mr. Roberts, and on the return trip of the Asia would inform Mr. Phelan whether or not Mr. Roberts would accept them.

AN INVITATION COULDED WITH A PIECE OF ADVICE.—Before the news of Mr. Seeritter's defeat reached the Golden State, the following appeared in the California Spirit of the Times:

"Should he (Mr. Seeritter), on the other hand, be the vanquished party, we hope he will have the good sense to retire to his saloon, and pay assiduous attention to his business. If, at any time during the present year, Mr. Seeritter should fancy a little amusement in the billiard line, and would not think the journey too long for him, let him pay San Francisco a visit, and we will bet forty great apples, as Widow Bedott says, that either Mr. Lynch, Mr. Thompson, or Mr. Tobin can 'weigh his sugar out.' Give us a call, Hans, and if it does lay within your ability to beat any one of these gentlemen, you can win money enough to buy Lower Canada and annex it to Detroit, under the name of 'Seeritter's Addition!'"

A MAMMOTH RUN.—We find the following in the Cincinnati Commercial: "The largest run ever made on a billiard table, or, at least, of which there is any record, was made a few days ago by Mr. Phil. Tienan of this city. He was playing a private game with a gentleman, five hundred points up. Mr. Tienan should fancy a little amusement in the billiard line, and would not think the journey too long for him, let him pay San Francisco a visit, and we will bet forty great apples, as Widow Bedott says, that either Mr. Lynch, Mr. Thompson, or Mr. Tobin can 'weigh his sugar out.' Give us a call, Hans, and if it does lay within your ability to beat any one of these gentlemen, you can win money enough to buy Lower Canada and annex it to Detroit, under the name of 'Seeritter's Addition!'"

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF INVOLUNTARY CHAMPIONSHIP.—Reader, were you ever a champion? or has a championship ever been thrust upon you? Have you ever engaged in a public trial of skill in any department of science, art, skill or ingenuity? If not, thank your lucky stars in the first case, and in the second, take a friend's advice, and allow your light to shine in pleasant and peaceful oblivion under its protecting bushel. For if once you are weak enough to consent to a public test, even though you should come out of it victorious, if you be not doubly steered in an armor of indifference to what is said, written or printed about you, by having your run for some public office, your peace of mind will most likely be bed for ever.

For instance, John Brown, or Tom Jones, or Bill Styles, as the case may be, takes it into his head for reasons of his own, or his friends put it into his head for reasons of their own, to summon you to a public contest. To facilitate the arrangements for the struggle, Mr. Brown, Jones or Styles insist upon having everything his own way. You must play how he chooses, when he chooses, where he chooses, as long as he chooses, and for what he chooses! If you quietly draw his attention to the fact that it is only fair that you should be allowed a word or two in settling these important preliminaries, the Brownies, Jonesites or Stylesites immediately cry out that you are afraid—that you have called the white feather to your dagbait. In order to come to some understanding you make important concessions to your adversary: you consent to meet him on his own ground, and imagine that, having gratified him in these particulars, the rest of the affair may pass off in an amicable and gentlemanly manner. Alas! a day or two shows how delusive are these expectations. Misrepresentations are sent forth, volley after volley. This naturally warms up your blood, and you make up your mind to put an end to all further talk by the issue of the match. You play—you are the victor—you go home and have a good sound sleep, satisfied that, now you have won, all annoyances are at an end.

You take up your newspaper next morning, and to your astonishment you find that your triumph was scarcely one at all; that you won by some extraordinary and altogether inadmissible process. To assure yourself that your triumph was not a dream, you open your portmanteau and find a pleasing reality in the shape of gold, silver and bank bills. "Well," says you, "a little over-exaggeration! Defeat is natural enough, and when that passes away justice will be done me." Another delusion. Mr. Brown, Jones or Styles is not satisfied with a triple thrashing, but insists that you must play him until, by some means or other, he succeeds in beating you once—an arrangement which probably would bring your gray hairs to the grave without having settled the question—when he would fall back upon some "unfortunate card," declaring his dislike to public contests, and insure a comfortable competency for the rest of his days by exhibiting himself at so much a head as "the man who beat himself!" You respectfully decline devoting the remaining years of your life to proving to his satisfaction that you are able to beat him, and content that it would be like endeavoring to convince the celebrated schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village," of whom Goldsmith says, that "even though vanquished, he could argue still," or performing the operation undertaken by those eccentric mythological females, the Danaides, of filling a sieve with water. You have more profitable and more useful business to attend to, and beg to be excused.

Then out comes Brown with a "card." You did not beat him; it was the balls, or the cloth, or the chalk, or the light, or the stomach ache or something, or anything, or somebody or anybody—except you! You couldn't do it; of course not. Not though you did it three times; not though you should do it twenty times. You produce the balls and the cloth, and satisfy all reasonable people, but you don't satisfy Brown or his friends. The fact is that you cannot satisfy them. If you play, you don't satisfy them; if you don't play, you don't satisfy them. In short, you could only satisfy them by allowing yourself to be beaten, and as you are rather too human to be capable of such immense self-sacrifice, you will never satisfy them. And thus will matters go on ad infinitum—if not longer.

So, gentle reader, if you would live in peace and good-will with all men—Never be a Champion!

"The Sun" in a Fog.—Our usually reliable correspondent, who posted us up upon the names and particulars of the bank swindle (alluded to yesterday), has left us holding on to the name, but the Court where the arrest was made will not so long enlighten us yet, because the swindling party promises fair to make the loss good. If he does, the public will lose a good item, but we shall hold on to that name.

LIEUTENANT JAMES H. GILLIS.

THE Montevideo correspondence of a daily paper, in a late issue, gave an account of an occurrence which created an immense sensation, and in which a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's navy was the hero. This lieutenant was James H. Gillis, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of our paper.

On the first of March last, a vessel belonging to the Argentine Confederation was sunk by a violent south-east gale, and all hands on board, except three, perished.

These three men had mounted to a part of the rigging which remained above the water; but although thousands of people were on the beach, no one would venture into the tempestuous sea to save them.

It was at this crisis, when the unfortunate men were expecting every moment to be washed from their hold, that Lieutenant Gillis appeared upon the scene. The moment he saw the poor creatures his mind was made up as to his duty—he did not hesitate, but at once offered his services, and at the same time called for volunteers. Ten American sailors from the different ships in the harbor at once came forward; they manned a boat belonging to the Sabine, which happened to be lying at the wharf, and put off towards the wrecked mariners; after prodigious labors, and rowing against seas of immense height, they came in reach of the breakers.

A heavy sea was continually breaking over the three poor men, who maintained their hold on the spar with an energy which only despair can give.

It is difficult to imagine or describe the intense anxiety of the thousands who witnessed the sight on shore, nor of the poor fellows, who feared that Lieutenant Gillis and his crew would not succeed in getting them off. Sea after sea rolled over them, and their boat was momentarily in danger of being dashed to pieces among the breakers. At length they reached the spot, and literally were compelled to drag the poor wretches from their hold, they were so stiffened by cold, anxiety, fear, and the position that they had assumed all night, that they were unable to move when pulled into the boat.

But the dangers were not then over, and it took an hour's hard pulling before they again made the landing-place.

The hurrahs and vivas of the spectators rang upon the air; and when Lieutenant Gillis and his volunteers stepped upon the land, safe from the perils of the sea, they were nearly smothered by their enthusiastic friends.

It was in vain that they showed their garments drenched through, they must stop and shake hands with every one near enough.

Some, with true Spanish fervor, would have embraced and kissed him, but that was a little too high, and was declined—with thanks.

The Montevideo authorities, it is said, intend presenting Lieutenant Gillis with a gold medal; and the Chargé d'Affaires of the Argentine Confederation has already sent a letter of thanks, to which Mr. Gillis, with the modesty of true bravery, replied that he had done no more than his duty—that he was happy that he should be made a means, through the hands of Providence, of saving the lives of three fellow-creatures, and that, doubtless, any other officer would do the same thing should the opportunity offer.

Lieutenant Gillis was born in Pennsylvania, and entered the navy in 1848. He is a son of the Hon. James L. Gillis, Congressional Representative from that State.

America may well be proud of her gallant son, for more true bravery is shown in such an enterprise than in the pursuit of "war's red honors" over a dozen battle-fields.

MARSHAL RANDON.

THE latest intelligence from Europe announces the appointment of Marshal Randon as French Minister of War, in the room of Marshal Vaillant, who is called to the office of Major-General of the Army of Italy.

Marshal Randon is now sixty-five years of age, having been born in 1793, and has passed nearly the whole of his life with the army. He entered while still very young, and received promotion so rapidly that at eighteen he was a captain.

He was present at the battles of Moscow and Lutzen, and was twice wounded in the latter engagement.

He afterwards left France for Algeria, holding at that time the grade of Chef d'Escadron and Colonel of the Chasseurs, with which regiment he greatly distinguished himself against the Arabs.

Under the Republic of 1848 he conducted the affairs of Algeria with much ability, but the same year was recalled to France to take the command of the Third Division, having headquarters at Metz.

He was Minister of War for ten months of the year 1851, but resigned, in order to fill the post of Governor-General of Algeria, in which office he continued up to the time of the re-organization of that colony. He was created a Marshal of France in 1856, and is also a Senator and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

Exciting Scene.—In the contest for the Dee stakes at the Chester (England) races, an exciting scene occurred. Just as the foremost horses were nearing the winning post, the attention of the spectators was diverted from them, and directed to the fallen horses and riders, who were sprawling all over the course, and surrounded by a closely compacted crowd. Summerside was the first to go down; Maid of the Mist fell over her, and directly afterwards Wells sprang up; but in the next moment Rainbow, who was just coming through his horse, struck Wells and his mare, and fell heavily; Benbow and Aston rolling over Summerside nearly simultaneously. Wells had to be dragged from under Summerside, and he was placed in a fly. Ashmall, the rider of Benbow, was conveyed in man's arms into the weighing-stand. Maid of the Mist galloped past the stand in the wake of Aston and Independence. Cresswell remounted Aston, and also rode home. Only Wells and Ashmall were seriously injured, but the horse Rainbow was left dead upon the course, with his neck broken, and a compound fracture of the thigh. Ashmall had no serious hurts, beyond a severe contusion of the ribs and thigh, and Wells had a concussion of the brain, but he is going on favorably. All classes of spectators seemed impressed with the serious nature of the accident, and paid little attention to the races which were decided after the event which gave rise to the calamity.

Power of the Gospel.—The "conversion" of Lola Montes is announced. She has settled down a humble, peaceful, religious woman, in her own domicile in Piccadilly, London, having amassed a sufficient sum to purchase and pay for a house, which is now the receptacle and centre of a large number of wealthy and pious enthusiasts of London, male and female. Among her most constant and intimate visitors is Mrs. Thistlewaite, formerly an actress, who was familiarly known as Laura Bell, and was about as notorious as Lola herself. About the time that she turned from the error of her ways, she won the heart of the rich commoner. She married him, and is now a bright and shining light in Exeter Hall. It was she who was the principal instrument in bringing about Lola's "change of heart." It is said that Mrs. Thistlewaite daily drives her chariot, and four milk white horses attached, through the streets of London, on missions of mercy and religious teachings.

Murder and Suicide.—An extraordinary affair is related in the journals of the Haute Saône: Three years back a young man named Moine, of Chante, married a young woman named Javelot, of Oranches, but in consequence of the meddling of her parents they were unable to agree, and in September last, finding that it was unprofitable to be together, they separated. Four days ago the young woman's father went to the house of a friend at Chante, and sending for Moine, proposed a reconciliation between him and his wife. Moine made no objection, and they drank together in an amicable manner. Afterwards Moine set out with his father-in-law, at the latter's request, to accompany him part of the way home. Shortly after, a person coming through a forest by which they had to pass found Moine lying dead, with two pistol-shot wounds in his head. The gendarmes immediately arrested Javelot, whom they found in his own house, in bed; and on being closely interrogated by the local magistrature, he admitted that it was he who had murdered the young man, but he assigned no reason for the crime. He was placed in a cart to be conveyed to a prison at Vesoul, and on the way fell into a state of great prostration, and even vomited. It was thought that was only owing to his having, after his arrest, eaten any food. On, however, reaching Besançon, he was observed to be in a bad state, and a medical man was sent for; but just as the latter arrived the prisoner was seized with convulsions, and expired. On examination of his stomach it was found to contain a quantity of arsenic. From facts which came to the knowledge of the authorities, they caused his wife and daughter to be arrested; and an investigation into the case has been commenced.

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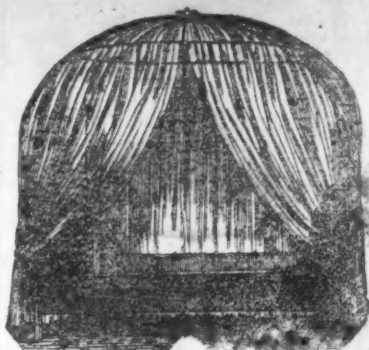
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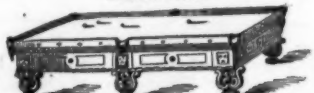
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